

Halloween
Contest!
See p.15!

Pink Floyd's 'The Wall' • Coscarelli's 'Beastmaster'

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**Friday the 13th
Part III—The FX**



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HALLOWEEN III SEASON OF THE WITCH

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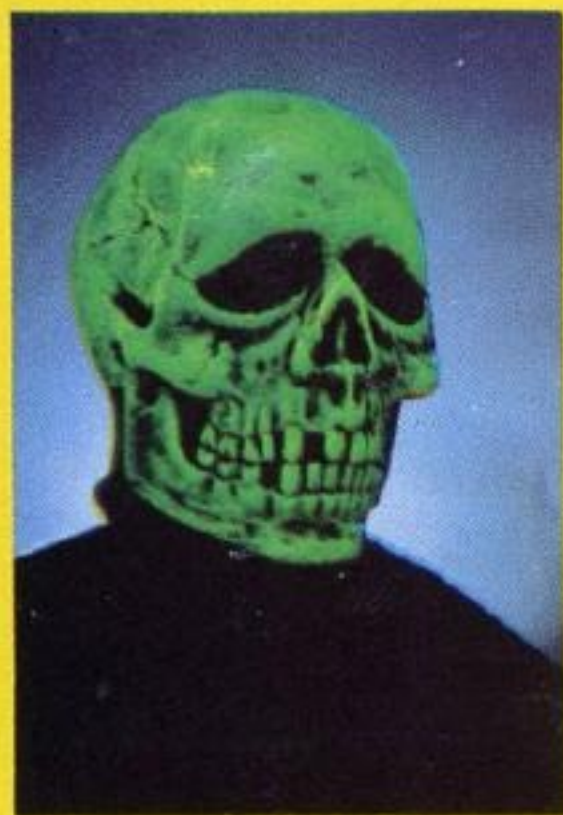


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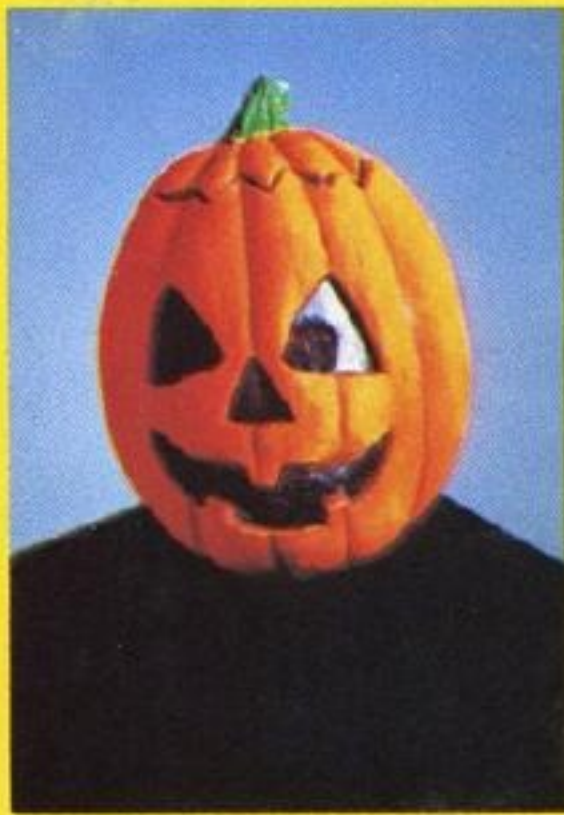
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is an original "Jack-O-Lantern" mask created just for the film. All three are painted with fluorescent colors, and should create an impact next Halloween that won't be easily forgotten.



Skull

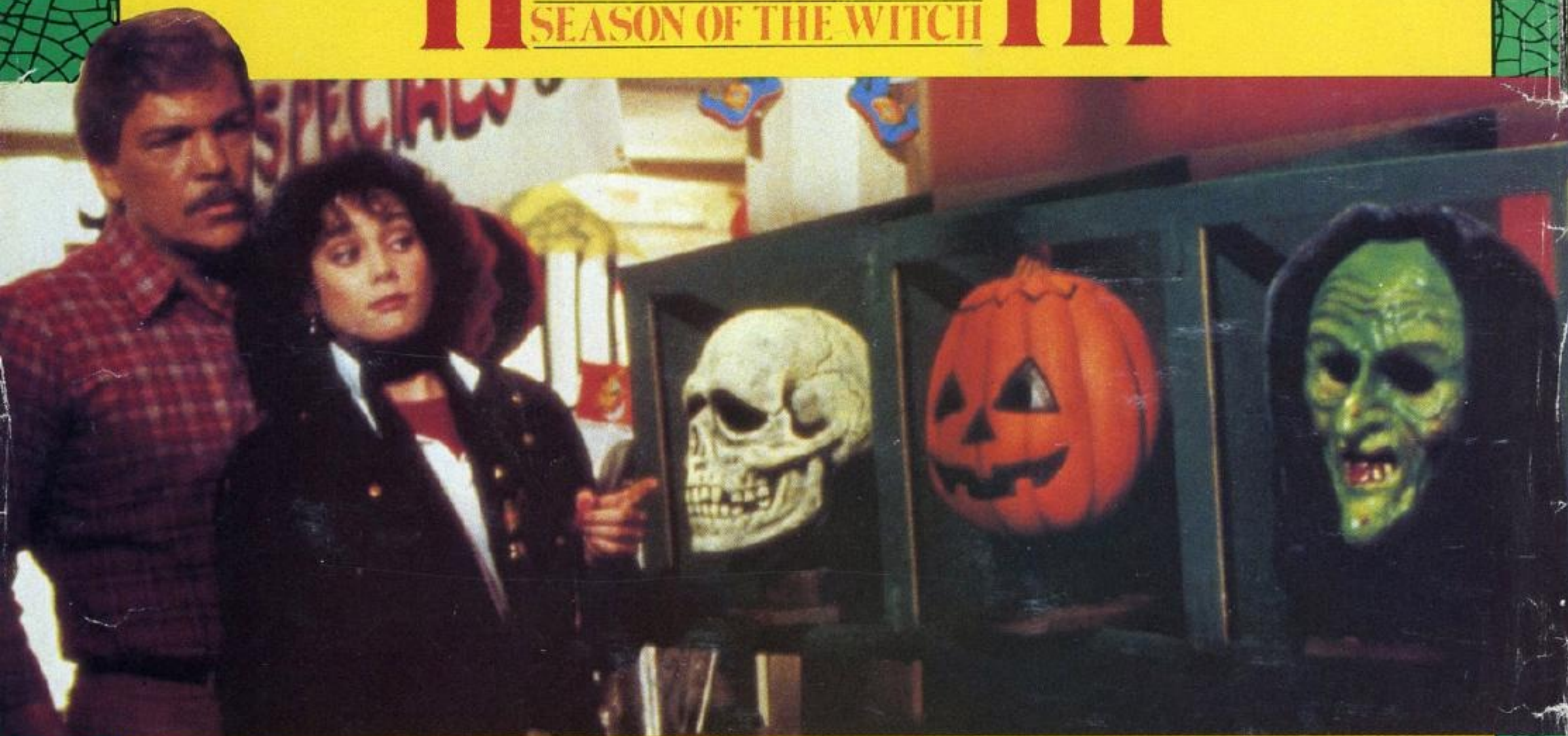


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SEASON OF THE WITCH



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FANGORIA

MONSTERS • ALIENS • BIZARRE CREATURES

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Norman Jacobs & Kerry O'Quinn, Publishers Rita Eisenstein, Associate Publisher
Richard Brown, Circulation Director

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THANK YOU: Jim & Earle Goodman, Don Coscarelli, Frank Isaacs, Chris Forrest, George Romero, Ingrid Pitt, Elvira, Doug White, Tom Phillips, Dave Marshall, Anne Thompson, the cast & crew of *Halloween III*, Arnold Gargiulo, Alan Parker, and yes, even you.

Dedicated to the memory of Tor Johnson.

Production Assistants: Eileen Dempsey, Cindy Levine, Norma Garcia and Susan Oster.

For Advertising Information: Rita Eisenstein (212) 689-2830

There are no words to say after a tragedy as devastating as the recent deaths on the set of the *Twilight Zone*. There is nothing we'd care to add to published reports, and no expression of public grief that wouldn't be inconsiderate to those who suffered a greater, personal loss.

So cheer up! Whenever I find myself a little bit down, I tend to go to the corner record store and pick up a few albums. Recently, I noticed a new arrival—a collection of songs by the late, great Hoagy Carmichael. Highly recommended to all.

Yes, I received your letters about Jerry Lawler's appearance on the Letterman show. While I won't go so far as to condone the use of violence outside the ring, physical violence is not the only kind, nor is it the worst. Kaufman had demanded an apology for the ring event, and had implied that he would sue Lawler for his last cent. The slap Lawler delivered strikes me as Jerry's simple way of saying "so sue me."

I'd like to draw your attention to the current issue of STARLOG, and the editorial therein concerning the difficulties of obtaining photos for coverage of films, particularly *The E.T.*, with some mention of our failed efforts to have adequate coverage of *Poltergeist*. It's required reading for those who think that our job is easy.

The following issue will be STARLOG's year-end special, which will include an essay by yours truly on *The Road Warrior*—in my opinion, the best movie to come along in years.

With David Everitt's *The Manly Handbook* climbing up the best seller lists, I've been getting a little nervous about the proposition of losing our co-editor to stardom. But rest assured; when I asked him about it, he was shocked by the very suggestion. "What?" he asked, "and leave all this? Are you crazy?"

Major apologies go to Steve Neil; for three issues in a row we've neglected to correct our mistaken attribution of the monster in *Forbidden World* to John Carl Buechler. It was actually Neil who built that dandy creature from his own design. Buechler's job was primarily to take care of its victims. Sorry, Steve!

Not only does FANGORIA #1 make a guest appearance in *Friday the 13th Part III*; we now learn that we've named a race of creatures in *Beastmaster*. The latest: Uncle Bob will be victimized in an extraordinary monster movie now in preproduction in NYC! More about this in the future...

Yes, I am still working on the replies promised to people who wrote in January; as long as you included an S.A.S.E., you'll be hearing from me eventually—but only if you wrote in January. The stack's still pretty large...

Though we have previously stated that we will forward all mail to makeup effects people as it's received, a flurry of moronic letters from one individual has prompted us to begin screening all such mail. Rest assured, however, that polite and undemanding letters will be delivered; and remember, these guys don't have a lot of idle time to shoot the bull with anyone.

By the way, we couldn't help but notice that most of the questions asked by such writers have answers available in the book *Stage Makeup* by Corson, available from Prentice-Hall Publishers in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

Despite his current appearances in our subscription ads, *The Thing in Dungeon #5* reigns no more in the subscriber-only newsletter, which is now written and edited by the nefarious Dr. Fear. We expect to revise that ad before next issue to reflect the change.

Have an absolutely spectacular Halloween!

Still yer uncle,
Bob!
(not Bob "J.R." Dobbbs)

The Postal Zone

From Across The Big Water

... Spielberg started the trend with *Jaws*, others followed with *Tentacles*, *Barracuda*, *Piranha*, and the independents added their batch of sub-aqueous dismemberment. Just as suddenly as it flared up, this water-based fad disappeared—leaving a slightly bad taste in the mouth, save for the original. Can it be, though, that the watery beast-type film is to be re-introduced? So it seems.

The construction of a 12-foot-long, computer-controlled barracuda has been completed, far more sophisticated than the hydraulic/pneumatic shark of *Jaws*, propelled by means of its tail and completely self-contained, with its functions controlled on shore. Since it will be filmed in the Lake District of England, a great many tourists are likely to become overnight film-stars, screaming their way from shoreline as a poor fishing enthusiast is chewed to death, boat and all!

The subject is not new, with *Barracuda* (incidentally, a rather poor film) having already hit our screens, but with such a 12-foot, tooth-laden attraction, how can it lose?

Aldo G. Rabaiotti
72, Dinas, Baglan
Port Talbot
West Glamorgan SA12 8AF
Great Britain

Praise For The Doc

Dear Sirs,

... I enjoyed the reviews of recently released video tapes and hope you will make it a regular feature. Each month it seems anywhere from 5 to a dozen new horror pictures are released; many of those released are not even mentioned in the reference books, like Ed Naha's *From Screen to Scream*, or even newer books like Stanley's *Creature Features* (i.e., Marshall Video will have *Carnival of Blood* and *Northville Cemetery Massacre* next month, and I can't find a critique anywhere). The reviews of *Savage Weekend* and *Alien Contamination* were right on target!

Mr. Albert Kapustar
235 Ponderosa Dr.
Oregon, OH 43616

The Doctor grunts a wall-shaking "thank you" from the video room. Of course, not all of our readers are video collectors, and we hope that the rest of our readers find the Doctor's reviews to be entertaining and informative. Let us know!

Loose Talk

Dear Boys of Fangoria,

... A team of Romero, King and Savini plus the many talented actors and actresses in *Creepshow* can do no wrong, I'm sure! But, thanks to you guys, we know what happens to E.G. Marshall, Adrienne Barbeau, Viveca Linfors, and have a pretty good idea of what happens to Stephen King as Jordy Verrill. I purposely try not to read articles or look at



Creepshow—finally unleashed.

pictures of films I've not seen, yet you usually get the best of me anyway.

More importantly, concerning Rob Bottin—I read in *Cinefantastique* that Rob was hospitalized for nervous exhaustion just



Don't worry. Rob Bottin is alive and well.

after completion of his marvelous effects for *The Thing*. How much truth, if any, is there to that article? Although I admire many makeup artists, I gotta say that Rob's my favorite because we seem to have the same interests: monsters, long hair and beards.

Steve Wallace
233 17th Ave. NW
New Brighton, MN 55112

Bottin was out of the hospital and back at work before that report appeared; it's our understanding that his brief stay was due to minor health problems unrelated to his work. It went unreported here because we did not wish to cause any undue alarm for his state of health, and—equally important—to help preserve some degree of privacy in the life of a guy who is especially widely-admired by our readership. After all, would you want headlines every time you sneezed?

As for *Creepshow*, we are very sorry about the beans spilled in issue #21. Giving adequate "preview" information without "spoiling" plot twists and shocks is a delicate balancing act. We tripped up.

But allow us to briefly describe our situation with that issue. *The Thing* and *Poltergeist* both opened before #21 reached newsstands, and we would have been delighted to cover the effects of those pictures in that issue; somehow, that didn't work out (ask the studios and publicists why; we still haven't figured that one out). The people at Laurel kindly came to our rescue shortly before our deadlines—if they hadn't, our readers would have been subjected to something you'll find extremely rare in this book: the Dreaded FILLER. At the time, *Creepshow* was scheduled to open in late July, shortly after #21 was to hit the stands, so we weren't too worried. Then came the unexpected delay. It's best for us, for our readers, and for the films, if our most extensive coverage of a movie comes immediately after a film's release; that's what we aim for on every occasion. When it doesn't happen that way, there are reasons—and it upsets us as much or more than it does our readers.



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to you from the RANCID
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to tell you—

5



ART: LAURA HARVEY

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Dear Uncle Bob,

... A friend of mine saw the movie *Ghost Story* four different times, at four different theaters. The kicker is, she says she saw four different versions of the same movie, some with entire scenes missing, some with entire scenes added.

Naturally, if this sort of thing goes on frequently, most of us would have no way to know, since we don't usually go to a film more than once. But who's responsible for it? Is it the studio's way of sidestepping the MPAA ratings? Or are some theaters taking it upon themselves to delete some scenes from these movies so they can squeeze more showings into an evening?

Mark Smith
RR#1 Box 43-J
Basehor, KS 66007



Ghost Story: Which version did you see?

In the case of *Ghost Story*, I think your last explanation covers it; that is the most common cause of different "versions" of films. However, sometimes the distributor will re-edit a film while it is in release—for instance, *Happy Birthday To Me* suddenly got milder shortly after its release for reasons unknown. When HBO, which prides itself on showing movies "uncut", showed the film, they chose the milder version. The reverse has happened with *Basket Case*; originally released in a cut version, public demand has prompted the distributor to make the director's cut available to theaters (how to tell the difference—if the first murder occurs off-screen, you're watching the cut version). Finally, there are occasions when a film with violence of "X" proportions is trimmed for the MPAA and later restored without the rating board's knowl-

PHOTO: © 1981 UNIVERSAL PICTURES

edge; that's a relatively rare practice, because of the fines payable if it's found out—but it's been done, usually by the smaller distributors.

The Great Snuff Bluff

Dear Sirs,

... On the back cover, a video company by the name of Merlin Mail offered to your readers a selection of nine "splatter" movies for purchase. The film entitled *Snuff* is not, in fact, a mere splatter flick, but is instead one of the sickest and most depraved uses of celluloid to date.

Snuff was a film made about six years ago in South America. The year it was released across the U.S., the creator of the film was arrested for the crime of mass murder; the deaths and the mutilations that occurred throughout the picture were 100% actual.

I've already notified the proper authorities about the reemergence of this film through Merlin Mail; I hope never to see this ad in FANGORIA again, for if I did, I can assure you that it would be the last issue I would ever read. Remember, the line between fantasy and reality is a very thin one. May you have the sense to not advocate the crossing of that line to those that look up to you and respect your words.

T.G.Z.

The wording of that ad ("Too real to be simulated...") is indeed unfortunate. As soon as we saw it, we discussed the matter with our publishers, and were told it would be further discussed with the people at Merlin Mail. Your info on *Snuff*, however is 100% inaccurate. *Snuff* was originally a 1971 Argentinian zombie movie entitled *Slaughter*. An enterprising distributor had some new footage shot for it in the New York area, spliced this into the film, and re-released it under the new name. According to rumor, it was the distributor who first brought the film to the attention of a feminist group, for the sake of free publicity. His scheme worked marvelously well—a film that would otherwise have been quickly forgotten became notorious. Under feminist pressure, New York District Attorney Robert Morgenthau saw the film, and told the press that the supposedly real murder was "nothing more than conventional trick photography, as is evident to anyone who sees the movie." You may be interested to read a very accurate account of "The Great Snuff Movie Hoax" written by Don Howland for the current issue of *Fear of Darkness* \$2, postpaid, to FOD, PO Box 02252, Columbus, OH 43202).

You Gotta Believe!

Dear FANGORIA,

... I can always get a good laugh by reading "The Postal Zone." It never ceases to amaze me how many magazine experts there are out there, telling you what's good and what's bad about your magazine. They are probably all insecure and their parents beat them as chil-

dren and locked them in a closet for weeks without food.

Anyway, you're a Big Magazine now, and I'm sure you know what's best for yourself, so go tell all the troubled people who complain to go "Fangor" themselves!!! God bless you, and keep up your superb—I repeat SUPERB!!!—work! I know you'll go on as long as there are real fans like me and others!

Dan Henigan

800 So. Durkin Drive, #450
Springfield, IL 62704

In light of some of the cruder letters we've received on the wrestling question (which we haven't published), your letter comes as a reassurance that there are some folks reading who actually trust us! That's nice to know after three years. But we do want to add that friendly criticism is always welcome!

Doesn't Like Milligan

Dear Bob Martin,

... You degrade the quality of your magazine when you publish an appalling interview like the Andy Milligan article, notwithstanding the "popular demand" of a Rhode Island reader.

Milligan's abysmal mentality, his ignorance of even the most rudimentary facts of filmmaking, and his schlock attitude towards the industry—epitomized by his pathetic admittance that even today he doesn't know who George Romero is—place him securely several notices below the worst amateur moviemakers of all time. His only talent—apart from what he may have accomplished in the dress business—appears to have been the ability to promote small sums of money from trusting distributors in order to produce his trash. No way can he or his films be compared with Herschell Gordon Lewis or the Lewis product which, with all its faults, tried to perpetuate the honorable tradition of independent exploitation filmmaking that goes back to pioneers like Dwain Esper (*Freaks*) and Kroger Babb (*Mom and Dad*). Milligan's rubbish should more appropriately be bracketed with the porno film business, not that I want to insult Russ Meyer or Radley Metzger.

I happen to have known "a character called Jerry Balsam" for more than 30 years, and Will Mishkin and "his idiot son" for longer than Milligan has been around. Any one of them has more integrity in his little finger than Milligan will possess in a lifetime.

If, as Milligan projects, film will be out in another 40 years and everything will be video, the reason could only be that the inmates—led by Milligan—will have taken over the asylum.

Richard Gordon
Gordon Films, Inc.
New York, NY

Jerry Lawler—Fangorian

Dear FANGORIA,

... In *Imagination, Inc.* in #20 Jerry Lawler

claims that he is a gentleman! A couple of nights ago, Jerry Lawler and Andy Kaufman were guests on David Letterman, and what he did to Andy surely wasn't gentlemanlike!

Sincerely,
Chris Koger
305 Ohio
Holton, Kansas
66436

Allow us, Chris, to clear up two points here.

1) Jerry Lawler didn't claim he was a gentleman in *Imagination, Inc.* Bob Martin wrote that column and it was he who described Jerry as a gentleman. 2) A wise man once defined a gentleman as someone who never hurts anyone accidentally. We feel Jerry fits that definition quite handily.

Dear Bob, Dave and Jerry,

Well, I was dead against the wrestling issue at first. I'm not a big fan of the sport. But I just saw Jerry Lawler on The David Letterman Show, in his "rematch" with Kaufman. All I can say is this guy is already our spokesman in my mind. I'm against articles about Santos, etc., but I definitely want Lawler as our spokesman. I hope you announce him as such soon. Anyone who saw the Letterman show will agree.

Don Hicks
220 E. Hampton Dr.
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Halloween III: Season of the Witch

*An On-The-Set Report On The Ambitious Sequel To
Carpenter's Classic!*

By Ellen Carlomagno



PHOTOS: © 1982 UNIVERSAL PICTURES

What terrible secret of *Halloween III* has turned this man into a crazed night stalker?

When it was suggested that there be a third movie in the *Halloween* series, producer Debra Hill nearly fainted. She said, "No, absolutely not!" Not, that is, unless the new picture would *not* be a sequel, and would be totally different and separate from the previous two films, *Halloween* and *Halloween II*. *Halloween III: Season of the Witch* is just that. "This is a 'pod' movie, not a 'knife' movie," says Hill. What she means, as explained by director Tommy Lee Wallace, is that *Halloween III* could more aptly be compared to a science fiction thriller like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* rather than to a film about a knife-wielding, psychopathic maniac. The story is of a more supernatural and fantastic nature—something that could never happen in real life (we hope).

Written by British screenwriter, Nigel Kneale (author of the *Quatermass* series), *Halloween III* is the story of a man called Cochran, the president of the Silver Shamrock Toy Company, who is really an incarnation of a two thousand-year-old demon. Cochran, played by Dan O'Herlihy, is upset by the commercialization of Halloween and seeks, with the aid of a purloined hunk of Stonehenge and his line of mass-produced Halloween masks, to bring the holiday back to its ghoulish

origins. Each mask is rigged electronically to do nasty things to its wearer upon the broadcast of a certain TV signal. Throughout the country, youngsters are literally being programmed by a series of TV commercials—for Silver Shamrock masks—to watch the tube while wearing their masks on Halloween night, when Cochran plans to broadcast the signal. A storekeeper who sells the masks stumbles onto the diabolical plot, but he is murdered by one of Cochran's assassins before he can warn anyone (except for the doctor who treated him just before his death). The storekeeper's daughter (Stacey Nelkins) wants to get to the bottom of her dad's mysterious demise, and convinces the doctor (Tom Atkins) to help her. The plot moves from there into some twists and turns that are calculated to keep the audience glued to its seats.

"The title *Halloween III*," says director Wallace, "is not only a plot point [the masks, three different versions, are marketed in the picture as 'The Halloween Three'], but by using this title, it is our intention to create an anthology out of the series, sort of along the lines of *Night Gallery*, or *The Twilight Zone*, only on a much larger scale, of course." Wallace explained that this would open the door for more *Halloween* films to be made and added to the

anthology. Making his directing debut on this film, Wallace, who edited *Halloween* and *The Fog*, and served as production designer on *Dark Star*, *Halloween*, *Assault on Precinct 13*, and *The Fog*, also realizes that by not having to direct just another sequel and staying to that story, he is left to try his wings, as he puts it, on completely original materials.

With a budget of 2.5 million dollars to work with, finding locations for the picture was not necessarily a simple task. After traipsing all over northern California, Hill, associate producer Barry Bernardi, and Wallace finally settled upon a little coastal town called Lolita. According to director of photography Dean Cundey, Lolita resembles the town where *The Fog* was shot, and it will give the picture a similar look. Says Cundey, "We found ourselves sitting around and reminiscing about *The Fog*."

A milk factory in Lolita doubles as Cochran's toy factory, but only for exterior shots. The crew was not allowed to use smoke or explosives of any kind inside the building because of sanitary precautions, and so they had to find suitable atmosphere elsewhere. As it turned out, the Don Post studio, where the masks for the movie were really manufactured, was the perfect place. It was even equipped with "prop" masks. Miniatures and opticals were used to create the illusion that the building in Lolita and the Post studio are actually the same structure.

Post's contribution to *Halloween III* is an important one. The masks—"The Halloween Three"—were developed at Post's studio, from designs by Tommy Lee Wallace and an existing line of latex masks marketed by Post. The "Halloween Three" collection consists of a luminescent green witch face complete with a black hood; a bright, day-glo orange Jack-o'-Lantern that completely covers the head; and a glow-in-the-dark skull. The masks will be merchandised around the time of the film's release (you'll probably be able to get one to wear to the movie!).

There are a lot of special effects in *Halloween III*, and makeup effects artist Tom Burman heads the list of those responsible for them. Effects artist Jon Belyn and scenic artist Serge Geni-



Above: One of Cochran's assassins eliminates the shopkeeper who knows too much. Above right: Dan O'Herlihy as Cochran the diabolical mask maker, the personification of Halloween. Right: Don Post, Tommy Lee Wallace and Debra Hill on location at the Don Post Studios.

tempo (*Escape from New York*) team up with Burman to bring to the screen some very interesting things indeed, including a spectacular effect similar to the "atomic cross" in *The Fog*. Says actor Tom Atkins, who plays Dr. Challis (the good guy), "The effects in this aren't bloody. They're more bizarre than gross." According to producer Hill, almost every member of the cast had to have facial or body impressions, of some kind, taken by Burman and his group, which means that a lot will be going on effects-wise in *Halloween III*.

The players in the film seem to fit their roles as if they were made for them. Stacey Nelkins and Tom Atkins, who play the leads, get along rather well, and create an interesting chemistry together for the screen. Atkins, who was in *The Fog*, *Escape from New York*, and in *Creepshow* loves the story, and enjoys being the hero. He

also likes being in horror movies. "I wouldn't mind making a whole career out of being in *just* horror movies," he grins. Nelkins, whose credits include *Up the Academy*, *Serial*, *Going Ape*, and numerous television productions, says this is her first horror-type movie, "though it really isn't a horror movie so much as it's science fiction," she offers. Actor Dan O'Herlihy, Debra Hill maintains, is a wonderful bad guy. "He's Mr. Halloween," she smiles.

Halloween III has a typical John Carpenter look and feel to it, even though he did not direct it. Carpenter was away and working on post-production for *The Thing* during much of *Halloween III*'s shooting. However, he was heavily involved with the pre-production of the film with writer Nigel Kneale and Tommy Lee Wallace. As well as sharing the producer's hat with Debra Hill, Carpenter operated as a consultant to

Wallace and worked on the film's post-production. In addition, he scored the soundtrack with Alan Howarth.

Future projects on the Hill/Carpenter drawing boards span an array of subjects. Carpenter's plans include Stephen King's *Firestarter*, and his own *El Diablo*. For Debra Hill there will be *Clue*, based—you guessed it—on the game of the same name, and, so it is rumored, Stephen King's *The Dead Zone*. Whatever the project, be it "pod" movie or "knife" movie, rest assured it will show the typical Hill/Carpenter class. In the meantime, even though it doesn't show Jamie Lee Curtis being terrorized by the maniacal "Shape," *Halloween III: Season of the Witch* will certainly provide some of the patented scares which have deliciously frightened fans of the team's previous efforts.

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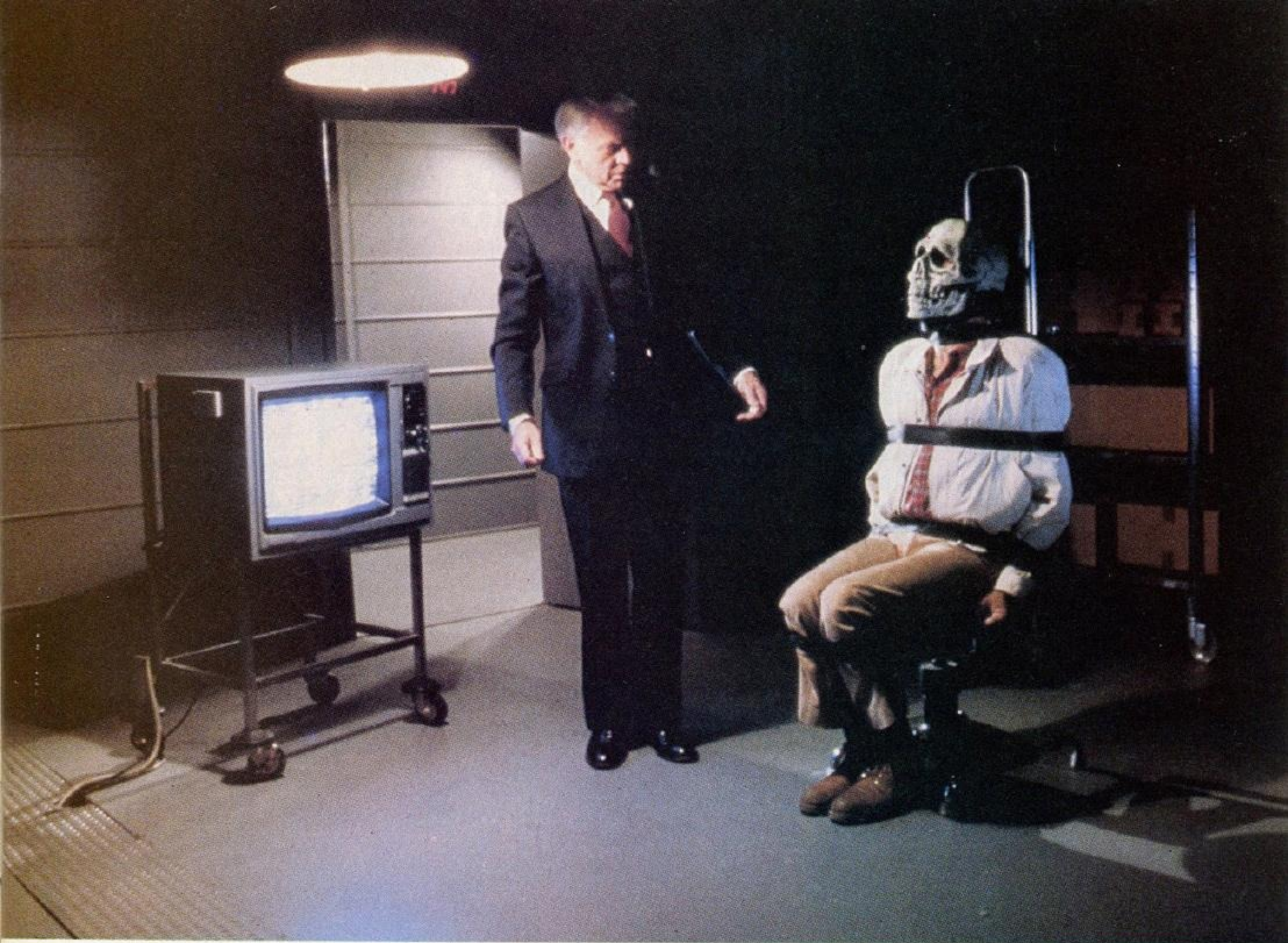
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Above: Cochran tells his captive, a masked Dr. Challis, about his sinister scheme. Below: The insidious "Halloween Three" masks go up in flames. Next page: Challis (Tom Atkins) and Ellie (Stacey Nelkins) examine the mask display at Ellie's father's store.





Dark Amusement

*Inside a trendsetting funhouse factory—
Feartek Productions!*

By Bob Martin

I've been living on East 20th Street in New York City for almost three years now. While I've always been aware that the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt stands only a few blocks west of my home, it was only quite recently that I learned that 20th Street is also the Manhattan home of Dr. Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolfman, as well as the birthplace of countless witches, hags, tortured victims, giant spiders, sewer rats, trolls and slime beasts.

Luckily for local real estate values, the monster mob doesn't make its presence on 20th all that obvious—the entrance to their domicile is disguised as the facade of a typical Manhattan loft building. But, inside that building, the brothers James and Earle Goodman operate a growing young enterprise called "The Scream Machine, Inc."—the home of Feartek Productions!

In its three years of existence, Feartek has become known to operators of haunted houses, carnivals and amusement parks as the "class act" operating in the design and construction of "dark ride" attractions. This being the Halloween season—a time when fear-as-a-way-of-life is not confined to the local movie house—we decided it was time to pay them a neighborly visit.

After a brief wait in an inordinately normal and efficient-looking office, I was met by Jim Goodman, Feartek's founder, president and chief designer-sculptor, who happens to bear a striking resemblance to that paragon of the abnormal, John Waters—though Goodman trims his moustache in a more respectable fashion.

In just three years, Goodman and his brother Earle (who handles much of Feartek's business end, when he's not devising sound effects for a newly-developed display) have built the Cadillac of the haunted house industry. Feartek's services have been used by a miniature golf course in Ocean City, Maryland and by Smart's Circus in England; the "hall of sighs" in New Jersey's Castle Dracula is a Feartek production, as is the newly-renovated Vincent Price Monster Manor at the Stars Hall of Fame in Orlando, Florida. And it's only getting started.

So how did this New Jersey boy get involved in such a strange business? "As soon as I got out of high school, I went to work for a visual display company," says Goodman, "and worked for them for eight years. Primarily, they were decorating automobile showrooms, but I learned a lot about prop construction and design. I worked in community theater on the side; dinner theaters and such. I made a part-time living at that—though more often than not the pay was nothing. But it was an opportunity to learn, and I have 39 sets to my credit from those years.

"I quit my job with the display company about four years ago, and was

looking for something to do. It so happened that a friend of mine owned six "haunted houses" up and down the Jersey coast, an old family business—so I learned the trade.

"The Jersey coast is the best place to learn the business, because the crowds are the roughest; the hardest to entertain and the worst-behaved. Everything has to be super-strong, and of course we had to comply with all the fire regulations, and I learned them all."

Early on, Goodman noticed that there are two approaches to the outdoor amusement business—the traditional "carny" approach, as used by his



The Apparition is a permanent resident of the Monster Manor at Stars Hall of Fame in the Six Flags Amusement Park, Orlando, Florida.

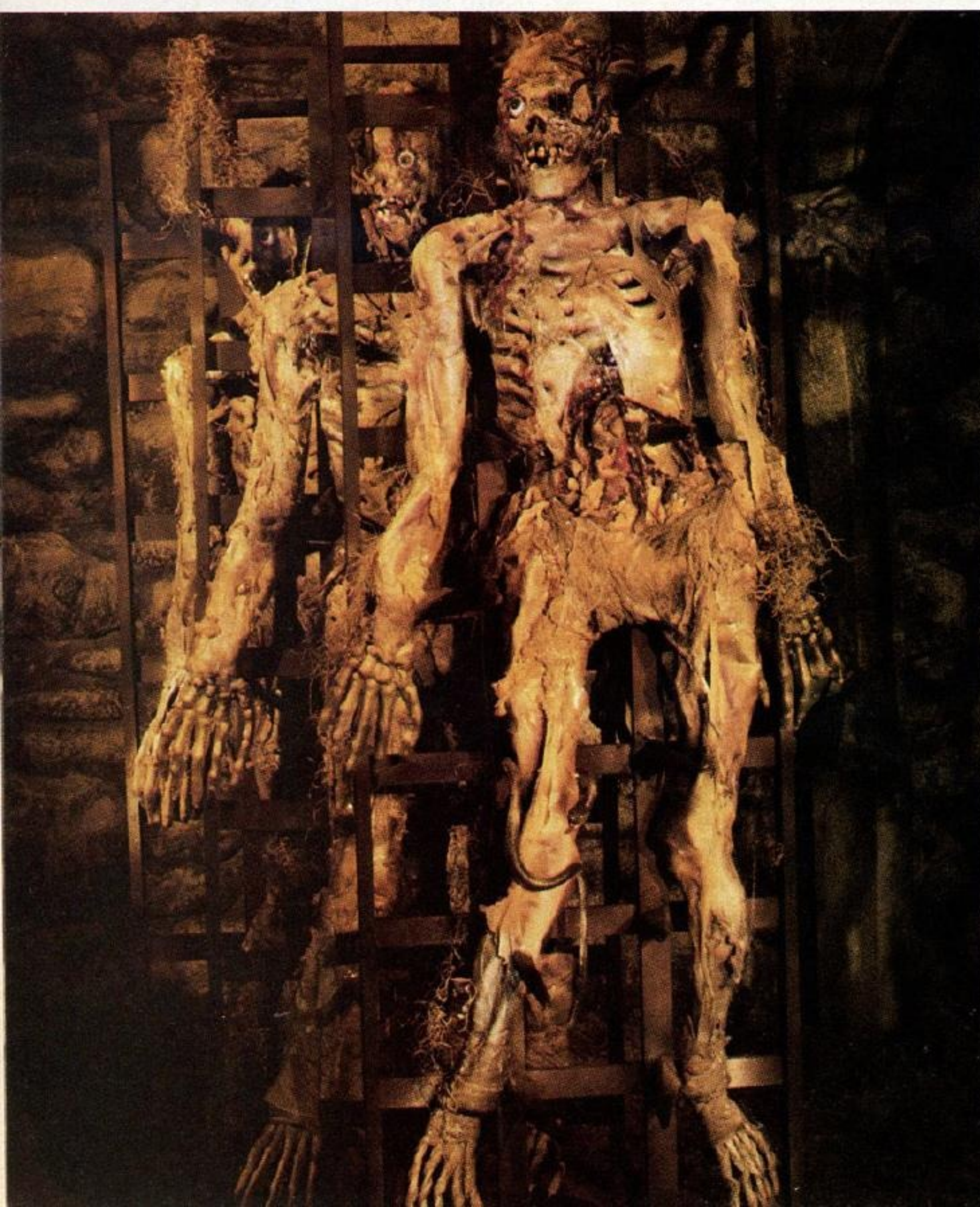


first employers in the field, and what he calls "the Disney approach" as typified by Disney's two major theme parks. "The carny people are invariably interested only in getting the people in; I was designing these elaborate exteriors, but they were only interested in going just so far with the inside of the attraction. Sometimes I would fill in for the monster, and I got punched a few times. When people start destructing, you know they're bored—and probably feeling ripped off."

After close to a year of renovating and designing new installations for the haunted house chain, Goodman decided to "go to the big city." In New York, Goodman briefly re-entered the "straight" world of the visual display industry. However, his employer, aware of his recent experience, wanted him to create a new division for the firm that would design and sell haunted houses. "But the salary wasn't good enough for the work that would be involved," Goodman recalls. "I said to hell with that—I'll do it for myself."

The brothers Goodman made their first splash three years ago at the annual amusement trade show. "We had quite a display; I brought a five-trailer unit, a prototype haunted house, with five different figures, that took seven men two days to put up. We made very few sales at the show; we were a brand-new company, and perhaps a little bit ahead of our time—the approach was super-slick. But we went into production based on the few orders we had—a tremendous risk."

Some six months after the show, however, orders started coming in with more frequency. Each custom assignment taken on by the brothers at that time required fresh designs, sculpture, and mold-work. Since an initial order seldom covered the full expenses of development, the brothers developed the Feartek catalog. The catalog brought something new to the nation's dark rides and haunted houses; it gives even the smallest operators an opportunity to gradually upgrade their attractions by ordering sculptures and display items from Feartek's repertoire of ghastly designs. "The Sears & Roebuck of haunted houses," Goodman jokingly calls it. While it's scared up some publicity and a few orders for the firm, the catalog's distribution to the amusement trade has produced some problems as well. "A few of the operators, the carny people, will go the five dollars for the catalog, and use it as an idea source," Goodman says, "and there's not much I can do about it, unless we can prove that someone's torn



The Troll King satisfies his munchies at Dorney Park, Allentown, Pa.; the Tortured Corpse is a resident of Kennywood Park, just outside of Pittsburgh.

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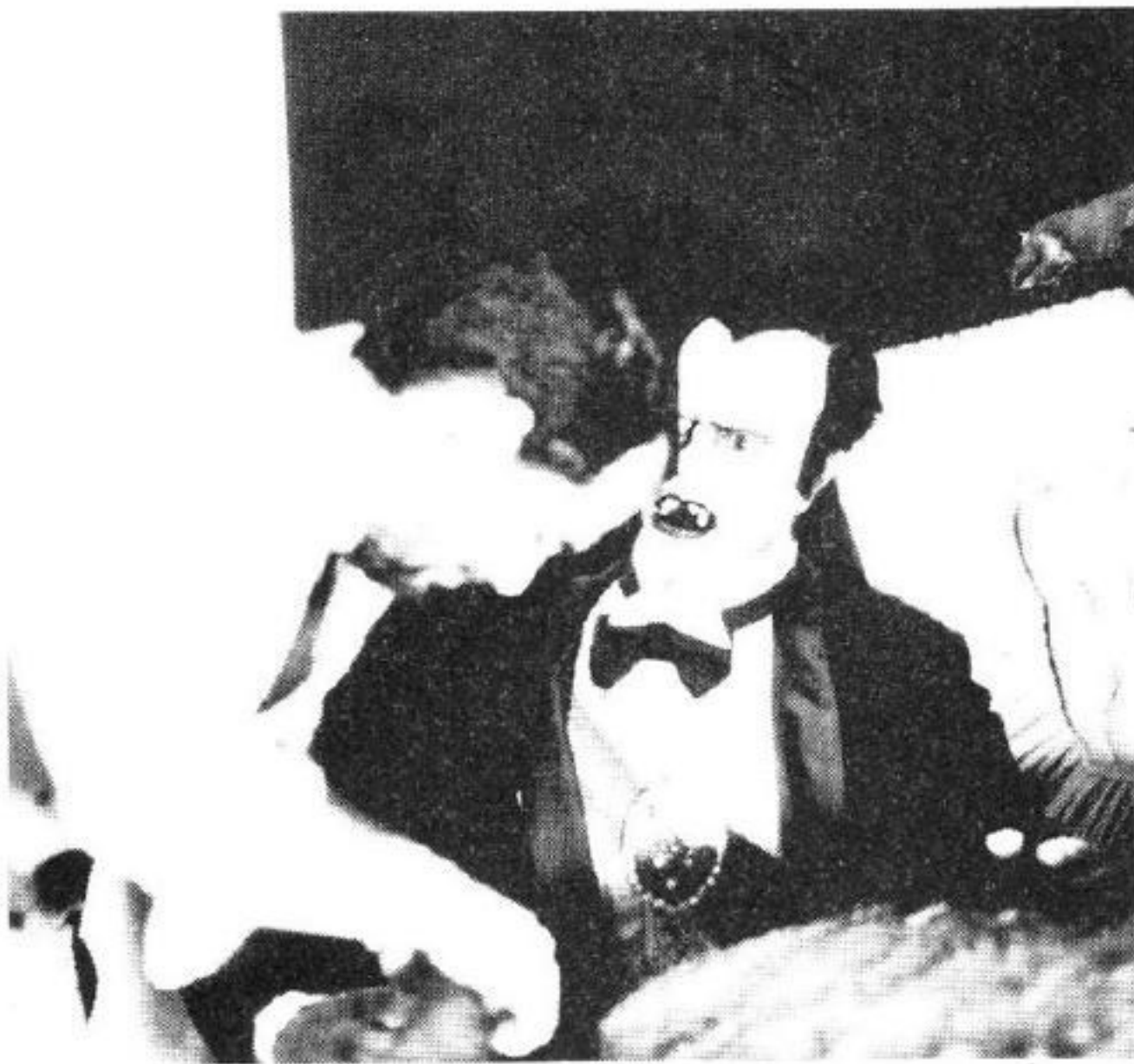
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Goodman tucks in Count Dracula, and pals it up with Frankenstein, Jr. in the Halloween House at The Land of Make Believe in Hope, New Jersey.



Lady Vanity strikes an alluring pose, while Goodman gives a little touch-up to another Feartek femme fatale, The Vamp.

one of our sculptures apart and actually remolded the pieces in order to reproduce it. That's about the extent of copyright protection there is on something like this," Goodman says, gesturing toward an obese, spider-infested hag witch. "All they have to do is make it smaller—or add one wart."

Though not all of Feartek's clientele have caught up with Goodman's ideas on the proper staging and production of a fear attraction, "They're learning fast," he says. "I've stumbled through an awful lot of customers, for both our fantasy work and our gorier things, who didn't want to go for quality; they really wanted to go for the cheap stuff, or to forget about the fire regulations. I wouldn't deliver it. It really costs about the same, anyway."

Though there are some similarities

between Feartek's ghastly products, and similar items used as horror movie props, there are some differences in production methods, caused by the need for durability. "Of course, the faces are initially sculpted in clay, are plaster-molded and cast in latex. But we use a clay-based latex, which dries hard as a rock. Rubber doesn't last; that'll rot away—that's why I use it on the corpses. Anything I don't want to fall off, I use the clay-base. The formation of the bodies is done in sealastic; very tough, unaffected by moisture, and it can't be eaten by bugs."

While Feartek keeps a number of sculptors and craftsmen on staff, there are times when the crew must be temporarily expanded—as, for instance, when the Stars Hall Of Fame assignment was contracted to be fully de-

signed and produced in just two months. Where did Goodman find sufficient talent to accomplish such a formidable task? "When I first started," says Goodman, "I placed an ad in the *Soho Weekly News* for sculptors. From one ad, I received responses from 30 usable sculptors. This town is so rich in talent, I wouldn't work anyplace else. Any other city, you'd be lucky to find supplies, never mind the men to use them."

In browsing through the Feartek catalog, there's a discernible difference between their stylized fantasy creations, typified by the elvish Nerfs and their renditions of classic movie monsters, and the ghastlier items—the glaring Psychotic who brandishes a bloody axe, for instance, or Miss Van-

(Continued on Page 62)

Don Coscarelli and **THE BEASTMASTER**

*The long-awaited sword & sorcery epic from the
director-writer of Phantasm!*

By Ellen Carlomagno

Don Coscarelli is relieved. His film *The Beastmaster* is now finally complete, and MGM/United Artists is ready to take on the distribution of it. There are no more organizational hang-ups, no more exotic animals to worry about; there's nothing to worry about now, except where he'll spend his honeymoon come September.

"This picture has been a struggle," says the 28 year old Coscarelli, "but I'm pretty happy with what came out of it." Some of the young director's struggles had to do with adjusting to the scope of the project. Coscarelli had a far larger budget (just under 10 million dollars), and hence, a far larger group of people to deal with than he has ever before encountered. "There were so many different crews, from props and effects to animal handlers and stunt people," he relates, "and keeping them all organized and running smoothly was a chore." Coscarelli cites his main problem as communication (or lack of it)—the wading through red tape for even trivial things. "But we did it," he says with a smile, "and I'm excited about it."

To back up a bit, Coscarelli first started thinking of *The Beastmaster* when he was doing his low-budget horror thriller *Phantasm*. Both Coscarelli and his friend (and producer of his films) Paul Pepperman had read a book by noted fantasist Andre Norton called *The Beastmaster*. They loved the title character, who had a power over animals, but they weren't too keen on the story, feeling that the character in it had far more potential than the story conveyed. They bought the rights to

the book, and wrote their own story and a screenplay, using only the title and the title character.

Coscarelli and Pepperman's story of *The Beastmaster* uses classic themes that are found through all good heroic fiction, from Arthurian legend to *Star Wars*. Written in approximately six months, the screenplay itself has undergone major changes that occurred mainly on the set, and in its final form, *The Beastmaster* is quite unlike the original draft. What remains (as synopsized in Fangoria issue #18) is the story of Dar, played by Marc Singer (*If You Could See What I Hear*), who, because of the bizarre and magical nature of his birth, can speak with, and control animals. He goes on a quest for vengeance against a nasty group called the Juns (they give Dar problems throughout the story), and meets an array of folks, not the least of which is a beautiful (and feisty) slave girl, played by Tanya Roberts, with whom he falls in love. There are some truly engaging plot-twists involving some characters Dar decides to join forces with to fight the evil Maax (the Big Heavy, played by Rip Torn).

"We did a lot of storyboarding," says Coscarelli, "but it all turned out to be pretty useless once we got to the set. A lot of things changed." Some of those changes may have had something to do with the special considerations of cinematographer John Alcott (*The Shining*, *Terror Train*) and special effects man Roger George (*Phantasm*), since perhaps 90 percent of the picture was shot in natural illumination and torch or firelight of some kind. "Roger George was in charge of all the pyrotechnics," says Coscarelli, "and we worked out some incredible things; explosions, and a 200 foot long wall of

fire 25 feet high. We shot that same scene for three weeks." Says Coscarelli of John Alcott, "it was a different experience having another person doing the cinematography, but John Alcott is terrific. He was easy to work with—just a real nice guy—and he was very responsive to my wishes."

The animals in Coscarelli's film are possibly the most unique aspect of it, and were, perhaps, the most difficult. It takes time to film animal scenes, especially if the animal must perform some bit of business that is vital to the plot. Boone Narr, of Gentle Jungle in Burbank, California, supplied the beasts, including some 20 ferrets, each trained to do a different task (so that it would appear that the two ferrets in the story were doing everything), and Kipling, an extremely large Bengal tiger that was colored black for his role as Dar's pet. "Kipling," chuckles Coscarelli, "had absolute casting approval." Had the big cat been less amicable, Marc Singer (Dar) might have wound up as leading *meal*, rather than leading male. There were only a couple of instances when the tigers (there were three—as stand-ins for one another) appeared to get out of hand. One cat got loose in the dark warehouse that was being used for the interior sets. "A black tiger in a dark warehouse!" laughs Coscarelli, "We didn't hang around to see how they were going to catch him." The cat was caught, quickly, however, and without incident—credit the animal handlers from Gentle Jungle.

Though *Phantasm* had a goodly number of makeup effects, the size and scope of *The Beastmaster* required Coscarelli, for the first time, to engage in the creation of a makeup effects unit. It wasn't easy.

"Our problems in the makeup de-



Above: Rip Torn portrays the malevolent high priest Maax, arch enemy of Dar. Right: Dar about to do his worst against a fallen adversary.

partment," Coscarelli says, "were chiefly problems of organization. We shopped around for a time, while we were in preproduction. We had something on the order of 50 different things that had to be accomplished. One very well-known outfit priced the job at \$300,000, and another group that had just completed a successful sword and sorcery picture figured it at \$100,000. For a while, we employed a fellow who had done some work for New World Pictures; he came in, and was very pleasant, and he gave the impression that he could handle everything that we needed. But apparently we made a mistake by not checking more thoroughly into his background—I recall one time that he explained that something we needed wasn't ready because he had used the wrong fixative on his plastics, and that he'd passed out in his lab for three hours!"

If only for his own safety, it was thought best to let that individual go, and the search resumed for the right effects man. With the schedule grow-



Dar rides headlong into danger to avenge the massacre of his family and village.

ing short, a very reputable effects man was hired (Again, we will leave this fellow nameless, if only because we haven't yet heard *his* side of the story—ed.).

"He's quite a remarkable sculptor," Coscarelli says of effects man X, "but he had never been in charge of a makeup unit before. We worked out a 10-week contract, for \$5,000 a week, and we had everything that we needed scheduled out. But each week would go by, and we'd see nothing. On the eighth week, we paid him the \$5,000 and said, 'Look, we're going to have to see something,' and he said, 'On Friday, you'll see it.' But there's nothing on Friday, and no way that we'll see anything finished unless we extend the contract and pay him more money. We decided to cut our losses. It still bothers me that he kept a lot of the stuff that he bought with our money."

So sculptor X made his exit; enter Bill Munns.

Munns is the subject of some controversy in special effects circles; his work in *The Boogens* and *Swamp Thing* has received some sharp criticism—and yet both of these films were made on budgets that require Munns to practically pull his monsters out of a hat. What Munns lacks in terms of a glamor reputation is amply compensated by his growing reputation as an fx man who respects the movie-makers' budgets and schedules. By the time Munns joined *Beastmaster*, the schedule had been cut desperately short by the previous fx dead ends. "When I saw the things that Bill had done for us," recalls the director, "I wasn't immediately pleased with all of them; but everything Bill did was done on time and on schedule. And by taking extra care with the lighting, every-

thing looks good on screen, so, in general, our experience with Bill was a good one."

One of the niftier items that Munns built for the film was the "eye-ring" worn by one of Dar's enemies, a warrior subject to telepathic control. When the warrior flips open the ring, an eyeball appears to check out the surroundings—and allows the warrior's master to keep tabs on the battle's progress. Munns also created the look of the seven-foot-tall bird warriors (played by tall actors from an agency called Above All Enterprises). According to Coscarelli, the bird-race was nameless until he saw them identified mistakenly as the "Urs" in *FANGORIA* #18. Perhaps to save his favorite magazine from an embarrassing admission of error, Coscarelli adopted the name.

Once the makeup crises had passed, Coscarelli was faced with a new set of problems, as shooting commenced in the middle of one of the strangest winters in recent memory. "We wanted an arid look to the film," Coscarelli says, "so we dressed the characters in arid-looking costumes." But neither the director nor costume designer Betty Madden had figured on near-freezing temperatures in their Southern California location in Simi Valley. The actors spent most of their time between takes in parkas or ensconced in heated trailers.

On one occasion, a windstorm knocked down a large part of a vital set—a huge "stone wall" (actually a wooden frame covered with burlap and eurathane, painted to resemble a wall cut from natural rock) some 30 feet high. Luckily, the construction crew was able to repair the set in time for the next day's shooting.

As we write, *The Beastmaster* has only recently been delivered in final cut to MGM/UA, in preparation for release to nearly 1,000 theaters. After three years of battling to bring this particular story to the screen, Coscarelli is about to reap the benefits of seeing his first multi-million dollar film released by a major distributor. While the director is pleased and excited about the fruit born of his work and planning, his first foray into movie-making with a "real" budget has prompted a great deal of soul-searching as well; at one point, in fact, he was seriously considering retirement from film work.

"The big difference between this film and our previous films is that, this time, we had an executive producer who raised the money for the picture—and he had the final cut. That was a very tough pill to swallow at times, and it was a very different experience for me.

"The thing about making a picture for this type of budget is that you find yourself frequently dealing with people who are in it only for the money. *Phan-*



Marc Singer as Dar, the Beastmaster, poses with one of his charismatic co-stars.

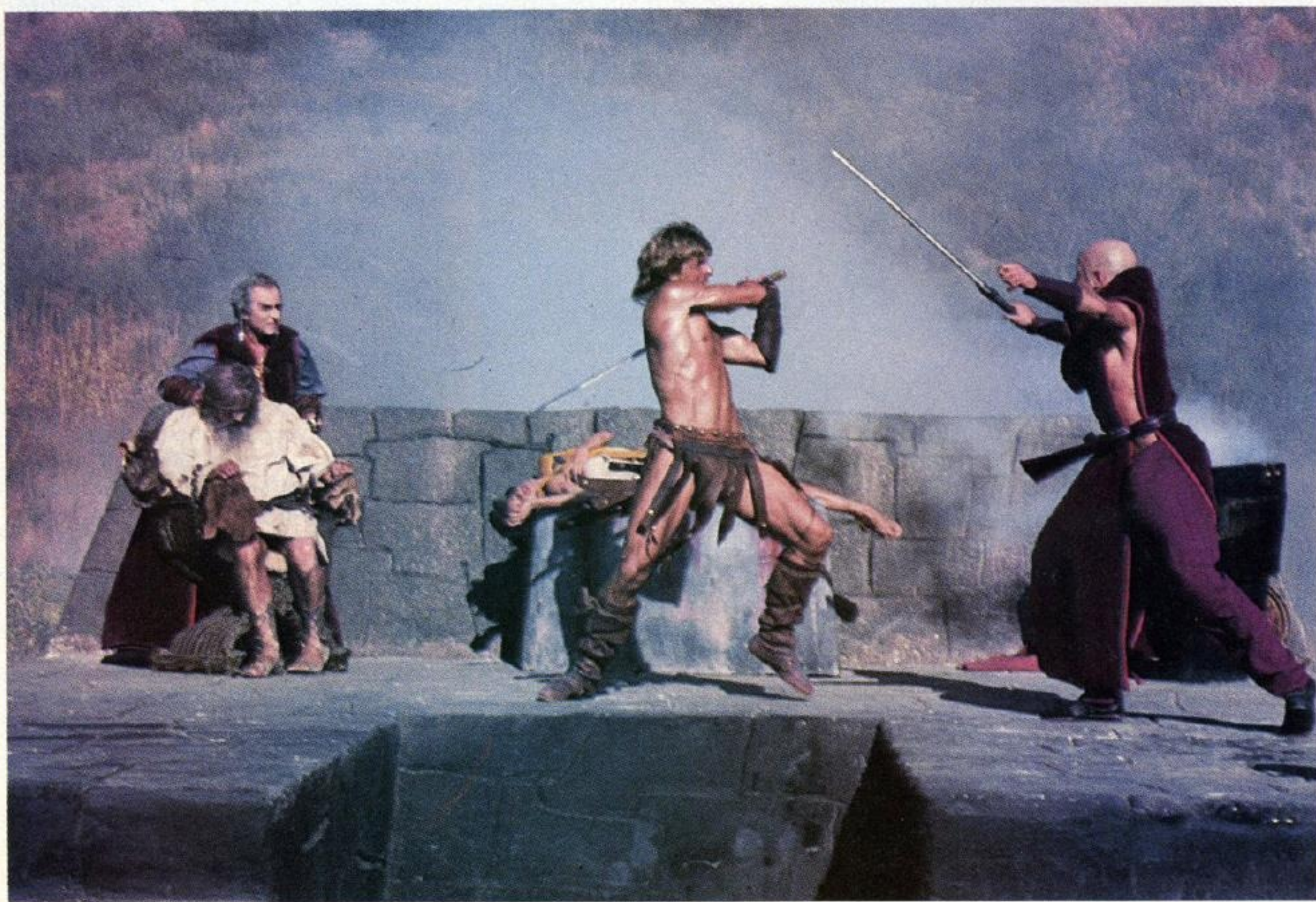
tasm, and my previous pictures, were all done with people who became friends, with almost no exceptions, by the finish of the picture, so everybody would have this feeling—'Let's make a great movie.' Without that, you have to motivate people in a different way. Sometimes it's 'Get the job done or you're going to get fired.' That isn't in my nature, but for this picture, I had to learn it.

"And another thing I've learned is that there's nothing wrong with making small pictures. I'm now really looking forward to going back and making another small picture, along the lines of *Phantasm*. What I don't know is whether I'd do a film outside the fantasy genre . . . My earliest films were contemporary dramas, but since *Phantasm* I've really grown to appreciate the enthusiasm of that audience, and the interest of magazines like your own."

But such career decisions will have to take a back seat, for now, as Coscarelli and his bride-to-be, Shelley Eskow, plan their fall wedding. "She's not in the movie business, thank God," says the groom, "so she gives me a good sense of real life when I get away from this crazy world of movies." 🐱

Right: Tanya Roberts gives the viewers an eyeful in this watery interlude.

Below: Dar has his hands full taking on one of Maax's deadly henchmen.



CREEPSHOW™



A casual chat with Mr. George A. Romero

By Bob Martin

Whatever happened to "The Romero Interview Part Two?" That's a pretty good question, one I've seen rather frequently in the mail, ever since we ran "The Romero Interview Part One" back in issue #13. Well, it will be coming along one of these days. I've interviewed Romero on several occasions since that issue, but not with the careful preparation I hope to do before the "official" part two is written (mainly, I'd like to see a couple of his early films that I have not yet seen).

So this is not it. In fact, this was planned to be a talk with Tom Savini (but who believes our next issue announcements, anyway? I consider that our science fiction section) . . . but Savini's in Japan, of all places, making somebody's face fall apart (we were supposed to meet in NY before he left, but I got tied up, and etc., blah-blah-blah, excuse, excuse; we'll get to Savini

just as soon as he's back, OK?). So, since we already had these nifty color photos from *Creepshow*, I was pretty lucky to get hold of Romero for a brief chat, so's we could have an article to go with them.

But first, a few words about issue #20 . . . a few of our readers weren't very pleased by the early exposure of certain shock sequences from the movie, two months before its October release. Well, we weren't exactly delighted, either, when we learned that the film, which was originally scheduled for a July release, was to be delayed until October, rendering all of our coverage premature by nearly three months.

Though release delays most often mean troubled films, this was not at all the case with *Creepshow*—in fact, it was quite the opposite. "UFD [the distributor that handled *Dawn of the Dead* and *Knightriders*] liked the film very much," says Romero. "They had theat-

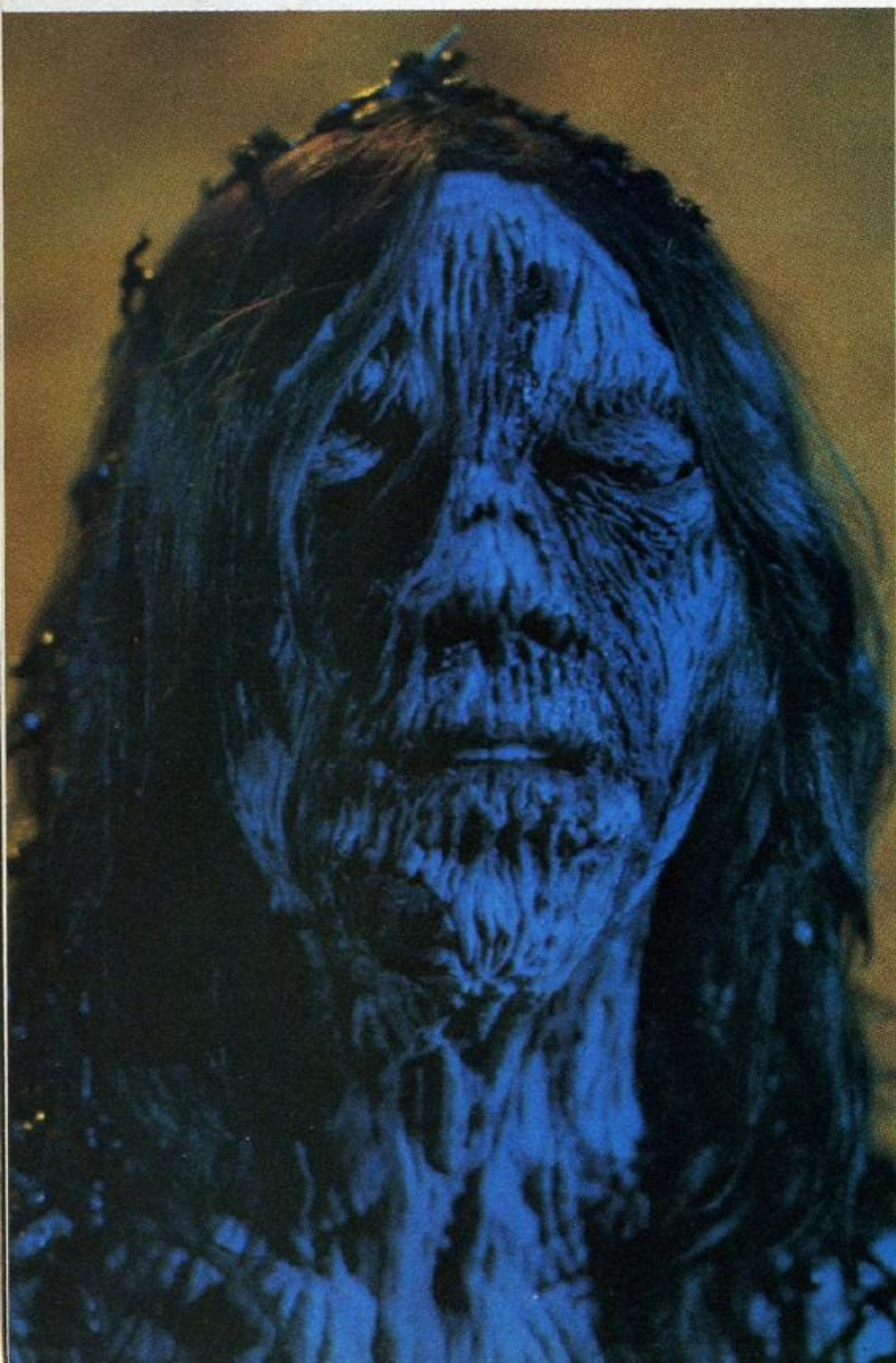
ers booked, billboards up with the date, and were all set to go. But Warner Brothers loved it . . . even though UFD had made all their plans, had it all laid out and ready, I think that UFD came to believe that the film had enough potential that major distribution through Warners would prove to be even more profitable than handling it themselves.

"The reason it got moved back was that Warners wanted to develop their own campaign, test it and so on, Whether the changeover was a good or bad move, that's really up to fate. But what it meant to me was time to do some final editing."

The cutting of *Creepshow* was a rather unusual affair; the first segment to be filmed, "Father's Day," was edited in New York by Michael Spolan while the film continued in production. Later, the rest of the sequences were divided among the four editors: Spolan also cut "They're Creeping Up On

It looks like someone put too much chlorine in Gaylen Ross' pool . . . "Something To Tide You Over."

Dead Nate (that's John Amplas of Martin) celebrates "Father's Day" Savini-style.



PHOTOS: © 1982 LAUREL ENTERTAINMENT

You;" Paul Hirsh—who edited *Star Wars* with Marcia Lucas—cut "The Crate;" long-time Romero associate Pat Buba cut the "Jordy Verrill" segment; and Romero himself cut "Something To Tide You Over." We wondered whether this unique arrangement might have left Romero, himself no stranger to the editor's bench, feeling a little "out of touch" with parts of the film. "Not at all," he says. "I was in real close touch with the other cutters; I was watching it progress daily, and with these guys, it was a breeze . . . so I really didn't have that feeling. Though I think I would have that feeling if I were in the circumstance of some guys that I've seen get involved in studio projects, where you're shooting every day, you're lucky if you get a chance to see rushes of a few takes. You get finished, and there's a movie there. That would make me feel pretty strange. But this worked out fine."

Though the director couldn't have been more pleased with his editing staff, the film's delay has been a welcome opportunity to "fine tune" the

film to a final release version. "The first cut was kind of rushed together," says Romero, "and after I saw it a few times, and got familiar with it, I wanted to make a few cuts. But the July date didn't give me the time to do what I wanted, because of the complications of re-scoring and re-laying tracks. So I had to look only for those places that would allow me to cut without going into all that. When Warners came in, I was able to take the time to do all that—and, as long as we were re-mixing, we got a chance to do a Dolby track. So, so far, it's all worked in our favor."

Since the screenplay was Stephen King's, Romero's chief contributions to the film are visual. While Romero has always provided solid storylines in his past work, it's the horrific images of his horror films that sticks to the roof of your mind. We wondered whether some of the comic-book-styled visual embellishments might have been improvised in post-production. "The graphics, the colored lights and all of that, were very specifically planned,

and spelled out in the shooting script. There were a couple that we couldn't do, because of limited time, or because a scene was already in other ways difficult. So there wasn't really a lot of improvisation there; in fact we were doing tests of various things that could be done on the set, avoiding opticals, about a month before the start of shooting. The page-turns, and the push-overs—the things that we did do optically—weren't exactly improvised either. But we did go into a video studio, right after "Father's Day," with an early cut, transferred to video, and spent a day trying out various things we might do—video makes it so easy, you just sit there at the control panel and do whatever you want. So we did have the advantage of seeing it all tried; then when we went into the optical house, we pretty much knew what we wanted; it just became a matter of how much we could do in the time we had."

At this point, I'd like to take a moment to disagree with myself. Just a few weeks ago, a brief article of *Creepshow* appeared in another magazine under

Yipes! It's Fluffy, the Savini-built star of "The Crate."



Jordy Verrill (Stephen King) in a life-or-death battle with crabgrass from outer space!



my by-line, and closed with a somewhat derogatory statement about the "lurid violence" of the film. The fact of the matter is, I didn't write that! The last sentence of my article was written by a phantom hand amid that magazine's huge staff of copy editors . . . but I myself have rewritten so much of Fango's copy, I can hardly complain—I can only say, sorry folks, that wasn't me. While offering personal apologies for this passage in my otherwise brilliant article, I wondered what answer Romero would offer to those who find even the stylized, comic-book violence of *Creepshow* objectionable?

"I find that attitude to be objectiona-

ble," Romero says, laughing. "What else can you really say but, I don't agree, and the discussion stops there. I don't think there is in any way an excessive amount of violence in the film, and what is there needs to be there for what's happening. But if there is that kind of reaction, I think it may be partly my old reputation rubbing off, partly a sign of the times—like the critical response to *The Thing* that killed it. I liked *E.T.*, but I don't think that it was made in heaven. I don't know Spielberg, but I'm sure he doesn't think that either—like any of the rest of us, you look at your own work, all you see is the faults. But I do think that *E.T.* and

the soft-hearted, terminally-cute Spielberg licks of this summer have influenced the critics a lot."

Hopefully, there will be room enough in America's heart for Spielberg's Smurf from *Outer Space and Dead Nate*. And if that proves to be the case, are you ready for Issue #2 of a certain cinematic comic book?

"Steve King and I both feel the same way; and we've made a sort of private pact, that if we get the chance, we will do another one," Romero says. "There are a number of things we'd really love to do, some that would require a little more money . . . if the opportunity presents itself."



Above: FANGORIA cover model E.G. Marshall in "There Creeping Up On You."

Below right: *Dead Nates* entrance—the best corpse-from-the-grave sequence we've ever seen!

Below left: New Warner Brothers poster art for the movie.



Ingrid Pitt



PHOTO: © 1971 AMICUS

The Spectacular Hammer Femme Fatale.

By David Everitt

Hammer Films could never be accused of not employing enough fetching heroines of horror. Names such as Ursula Andress, Veronica Carlson and Martine Beswick are sure to arouse excitable memories in any red-blooded male who lived a good portion of his life watching monster movies in the 60's and 70's. But perhaps the most alluring combination of beauty and talent at the Hammer film factory during this period was the enticing Ingrid Pitt who has attracted a cult following that persists some 10 years after her last Hammer feature.

One of the reasons why this actress is such an interesting case among the legion of Hammer heroines is that she managed to make such a vivid impression as a femme fatale with only two Hammer pictures, *The Vampire Lovers* and *Countess Dracula*. For a wide-eyed high school horror fan in 1971, as was the case with yours truly, the experience of watching *The Vampire Lovers* was unique and arresting. Hammer

movies, previously famous for low-cut dresses in addition to violence and gore, always had their share of implied eroticism, but *The Vampire Lovers* was something different altogether. The introduction of nudity and lesbianism coupled with the usual impressive Hammer production values in *The Vampire Lovers* added a powerful sensuality to the already sexually charged vampire legend, and the embodiment of this new eroticism, Ingrid Pitt as the mysterious vampiress Carmilla, was clearly something more than a flash-in-the-pan starlet. Both voluptuous and skillful in her craft, with an intriguing Polish tinge to her English accent to add to her appeal, she conveyed the presence of a very human evil that was as dramatic as it was sultry.

Speaking to her over the telephone, I was quickly impressed by her graciousness and intelligence. She comes across as a resourceful woman who has been able to rely on more than one creative talent. In addition to acting, she is a published author of both fiction and history, has written for the screen (presently a script of hers is on call for a potential second series of *Hammer House of Horror*), and has

been involved in theatrical producing. Judging by her description of her early years, this resourcefulness seems to have evolved quite naturally from the unusual circumstances and problems she faced while growing up in Europe.

Ingrid Pitt spent her early childhood in Poland during World War II when that country was devastated first by the Nazis and then by the Soviets. She was separated from her parents during the war and, at the age of 10, was taken to East Berlin by the Red Cross and reunited with her family. Interestingly, after the brutal experience of war and its aftermath, she was very much put off by peace-time city life. When she reached the city she says "humdrum life started; one had to go to school and there was no longer any sort of adventurous excitement of hunting for food and roaming around the countryside and the forests in Poland. Once I got to the city, the whole thing seemed quite sudden and strange; I had never experienced anything like it before. I think probably because of the dreamy kind of life I had led before I went to Germany, I wanted to escape the gray reality that I lived in ever since I was reunited with my parents."

This escape from reality took the form of the make-believe world of acting. Pitt says, "I always wanted to be an actress, though at first I didn't know quite what that meant because when I was a child I had never seen a film or theater or anything like that. But I wanted to entertain other people, because I had done it very successfully." Her decision in Berlin to take up acting was not a career choice that was very much appreciated by her mother. "Everyone in my family was a scientist," she explains, "and I was expected to follow in that direction: go to school, get a degree, so forth." Pitt succeeded in eluding what was expected of her by becoming a member of the Berlin Ensemble theatrical company.

Although she had now become involved in the profession that she wanted to pursue, more problems faced her that would test her determination to live according to her own beliefs. When asked if she remembers when she decided to cross over to West Berlin, Pitt responds quickly by saying, "Yes. On the 21st of November 1962." She regards political schooling in East Berlin as a chief reason for this decision. "If you are in any iron curtain country," Pitt says, "you have to take part in political schooling and I found I wasn't capable of coping with that at all, of amalgamating the artistic part of the theater with the political environment of the country I lived in, and I said so on various occasions. And, if you know about Eastern Bloc countries,



PHOTO: © 1969 MGM

Pitt's first prominent American movie role was featured alongside Clint Eastwood in *Where Eagles Dare*.

you'll know that if you believe in free speech then you've got some very big trouble. In the end I endangered not only myself but others as well. So it was a case of either leaving home or going

to some sort of political camp." She ended up crossing the border illegally by swimming across the River Spee.

From Berlin Pitt went to America where she toured for a while with a theatrical company. When that company went broke she moved on to Spain and landed her first movie role. "I was discovered somehow," she recalls, "at a bullfight for a film about an American tourist who was a bullfighting groupie. The director saw a picture of me at this bullfight in the newspaper and found me through the photographer who lived next to me in the same block of flats. I got that part and that was really how my film career started."

While in Spain she appeared in such films as *Chimes at Midnight*, a horror picture called *The Prehistoric Sound*, several Spaghetti Westerns, and also found more legitimate work in the National Theater of Spain in Madrid. She had small parts in *Doctor Zhivago* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, but didn't get a significant speaking role in an American film until she played opposite Clint Eastwood and Richard Burton in *Where Eagles Dare* in 1969. The movie was very successful and Pitt's part in the picture could conceivably have led to immediate greater success in films, but unfortunately movie fans would not get to see her in a starring role until two years later. The actress says, "The most disappointing time of my life, I think, happened directly after *Where Eagles*



PHOTO: © 1971 HAMMER FILMS

Peter Cushing prepares to destroy Pitt's Carmilla in *The Vampire Lovers*.



A woman who can fend for herself. Carmilla the vampire grapples with one of her enemies from the land of the living.

Dare. I thought that pink clouds had arrived at last and they really hadn't at all. There was absolute stagnation. I went back to Madrid to finish my contract with the theater there, and then came back to London. Some political murders had taken place in Madrid at the time and I didn't want my child to live in that kind of environment. I had gotten clever advice from Brian Hutton and Elliott Kastner [director and producer respectively of *Where Eagles Dare*] who said I should live in America or I wouldn't actually benefit from having made *Where Eagles Dare*. Instead I went to London and I couldn't get a job to save my life."

This terrible dry spell came to an end when Pitt met James Carreras of Hammer Films at a function. She wryly remembers that she pursued him "to such an extent that he said, 'What do you want, blood?' And I said, 'Right.' He then said, 'I've got two or three parts for you. Come and see me.'" With great sincerity she then adds, "He really helped me tremendously by giving me these films at a time when I just didn't know how to feed my kid and make ends meet."

The end result of this career slump and the subsequent meeting with Carreras was Ingrid Pitt's entrance into the ranks of favorite femme fatales in *The Vampire Lovers*. Based on Sheridan Le Fanu's classic horror story "Carmilla," which had been previously adapted for the screen in *Blood and Roses* (1961) and *Terror in the Crypt* (1963), *The Vampire Lovers* revolved around the bloodthirsty and erotic exploits of a

beautiful female vampire. In the opening to the film, a family of the living dead, the evil Karnsteins, is destroyed by a vengeful Baron, but one member of the feared clan manages to escape, Mircalla Karnstein. In two other locales, Mircalla reappears, first under the anagram alias of Marcilla then under the name of Carmilla, and

charms her way into wealthy households where she puts young women under her spell and, during sensual encounters, drains them of their blood. In the end she is run to earth by Peter Cushing who, drawing upon his considerable experience accumulated from many another vampire adventure, dispatches Carmilla in no uncertain terms by driving a stake through her heart and then slicing off her head with his sword.

The Vampire Lovers was successful enough to inspire two sequels about the Karnstein clan and, in particular, its women, that were titled *Lust for a Vampire* and *Twins of Evil* (both without the aid of Pitt), but neither follow-up managed to match the first film's flair for revitalizing the classical vampire legend. The one area in which the sequels did match the original was in the amount of nudity, which at times seemed to be the sole reason for making both pictures. Pitt says she wasn't bothered by the nude scenes required in *The Vampire Lovers* because they were well integrated into the story. "I think I like nudity better than coyness," she says. "In both *Vampire Lovers* and *Countess Dracula* I think it was quite important that the characters took their clothes off in certain scenes. I also liked the fact that the directors were considerate and had a closed set and shot the scenes well." With a laugh she goes on to say, "I also think too that it's wonderful when you become an old lady to see your old movies and see how beautiful your body was at one time."



One of the sensual vampiric bouts from *The Vampire Lovers*.



As Countess Dracula, Pitt's features shrivel into old age when the rejuvenating effect of virgins' blood wears off.

Pitt's second movie for Hammer was *Countess Dracula* which had nothing to do with Dracula but instead was based upon the gruesome practices of a 16th century Eastern European countess by the name of Elizabeth Bathory. This countess believed she could stay youthful if she bathed in the blood of freshly killed virgins; in the fantasized film version the blood baths turn the aged, wrinkled countess into a young woman as lovely as Ingrid Pitt. Pitt believes, "*Countess Dracula* stands up to time. I think it's got lovely production values and it's got a tremendous plot, but I think, for one thing, that the director just didn't want to make a Hammer film; he wanted to be Eisenstein, and I don't think that worked. I think the horror is not enough. I think the blood I wipe across my face is ridiculous; having a woman's wrists slit and drained of nine liters of blood is ridiculous. I think the story is great, but this awful scene of the whore lying in the bathtub with her wrists cut and the panning shot to this big bowl full of blood, and the totally dry sponge being wiped across my face with a tiny spot of red on it—well, it just gets a lot of laughs. One should've, I suppose, hung her up by her feet and cut her throat to let the blood flow out. I just found it very sad that one couldn't go all the way with the horror aspect. Otherwise, I think the film is terrific."

Pitt was also not very pleased with the way the emotional climax of the film was handled. "In the scene where the countess goes mad, it's intercut with other scenes, and I think the power of this rising insanity in the woman is very much lessened by the intercutting. I think that's basically why I started writing. The actor is the victim

of the writer, he has to sort of follow the writer's storyline. You just have no control whatsoever over what you do. And I think the scene of the countess alone in her room at the castle in her mental anguish was fantastic. When I saw it on the screen, I could've cried; it was all chopped up. The power of the agony of this very sad creature I think

got lost."

Once the movie was completed, a descendant of Elizabeth Bathory came forward—regrettably, too late, as far as Pitt is concerned. "If he had come to us before he could have helped us tremendously. He had a lot of family research in archives. I talked to him over the telephone quite a few times and he had so many stories to tell about her. Later, when Christopher Lee and I went to Rumania, we saw the place where the countess was walled up—she wasn't hanged at all—she was walled up, and the villagers say you can still hear her wailing," Pitt puts on a far-away, spooky voice, " 'Let me out . . . Let me out . . . ' " She then laughs, "Oh, those Rumanians, they're incredible! But I never heard her wailing, even though I went back up there at night and sat there for hours."

After her two films with Hammer, Pitt then appeared as a member of the isolated Scottish community that has reverted to paganism in *The Wicker Man* (in a role that was significantly abbreviated in later edited versions of the film) and played a starring role in the final comic episode of the Amicus horror anthology film, *The House that Dripped Blood*. In this last picture, written by Robert Bloch, Pitt plays a horror star who, while portraying a movie vampire comes across a very real case of vampirism. Pitt regards this film as her favorite because it gave her a



The English paperback edition of Pitt's espionage novel featured the actress' face on the cover.

chance to do comedy.

The film industry in Britain, plagued by various financial difficulties, went into a severe slump in the 70's that adversely affected many people, including Ingrid Pitt. In her own words: "No one would give me a bloody job, it was as simple as that." During these lean times for British movie professionals, Pitt did a great deal of acting in the theater (she would also help her husband produce several plays), and began to pursue a literary career as well. She has published an adventure novel entitled *Cuckoo Run* which she describes as "a female James Bond type story. I suppose she's a cross between Modesty Blaise and a female James Bond, only she depends on men and her own abilities in spying rather than gadgets." Pitt also spent a long time in South America researching a very comprehensive study of former Argentinian president Juan Peron, which will be published this fall. In this book, entitled *The Perons*, Pitt is concerned with establishing Peron's rightful place in South American history as she chronicles the rise to power and subsequent exile of a man who, she says, "is now finally being acclaimed as the first and last democratic leader of Argentina. He was re-elected three times democratically. No one else can say that. The Argentinians believe he was born to become president."

Horror fiction is another area that Pitt is pursuing as a writer, a venture which could reunite her with Hammer. The television series *Hammer House of Horror* was broadcast in this country on pay cable TV and a second 13-episode series is presently being prepared. If the project is solidified and



Ingrid Pitt—1982.

goes into production, one of Pitt's scripts will be filmed. She can't disclose at this time what the episode will be about but she is able to say that it is a psychological horror story, the type of horror that has always interested her: "The human mind intrigues me a great

deal; it's such an incredible maze of positive thinking and diabolical depths of negativism. I think all of that plays a part in a plot and that, I think, is very interesting. I have done a gothic horror story for *Hammer House of Horror*, for instance, but again it's not fangs and garlic cloves; it's really a mental conflict. That, to me, is real horror." Ingrid Pitt fans will be pleased to know that this script would also make use of her acting. "I cherish the part I wrote for myself," she says. "It would really be great, a new comeback for me. It's a good story if I may say so myself."

In the meantime, Pitt can be seen in the new picture called *Who Dares Wins*, which is the motto of the S.A.S., the special British military troop that played an important part recently in the reclaiming of the Falklands. The movie is about a commando team's efforts to liberate the American Embassy after it has been captured by British terrorists. Pitt plays an East German terrorist who is a trained weapons specialist. At the end of this summer she will also be seen in the BBC adaptation of John Le Carre's *Smiley's People* with Sir Alec Guinness. With this new exposure, along with the possible rejuvenation of *Hammer House of Horror*, Ingrid Pitt's many talents may be placed back in the limelight, which, as horror fans have always known, is exactly where they belong.



This shot of Ingrid Pitt as the East German terrorist in *Who Dares Wins* provides a glimpse of the actress' emotional range displayed in recent character parts.

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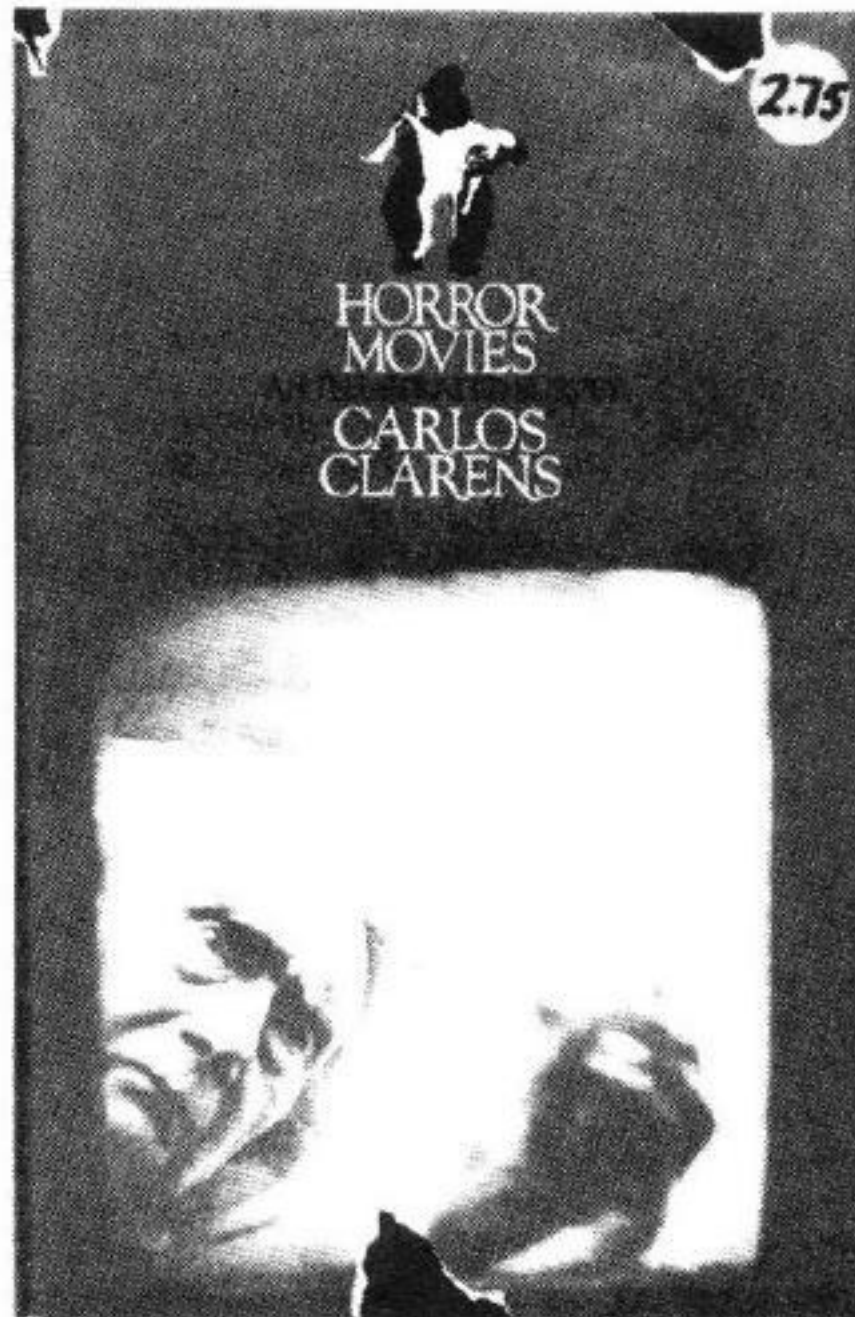
By Stanley Wiater with Dr. Cyclops

Not even the most avid cineteratologist (that's student of horror films to you, buster) can always name the players without a scorecard. Certainly most people, if called upon to name the only color film to feature Bela Lugosi, or to list the films of Barbara Steele, or to name the infamous terror sequel directed by the formidable Larry "J.R." Hagman, would find themselves in a bit of a quandary, if not a veritable morass of muddled thought. Along with the thousands of films that have been made that qualify as true horror films, there are hundreds of thousands of credit and cast details that few mere mortals have been able to learn by rote, despite the effort of many to do so. As a salve to this obvious shortcoming of the human mind, comes one of the most ingenious devices of western culture—the film reference book.

But the plethora of film reference books is nearly as dizzying as the mammoth backlog of horror films; this article is intended to separate the outstanding works in this realm from the merely ordinary, the useful from the decorative. Due to space limitations, this article will not be an exhaustive bibliography, nor will it be a complete history of the genre; all books covered are currently in print and available here in the U.S.A.*

None of the following books are likely to please everyone; none are flawless, and there is, quite naturally, a certain amount of overlapping information and stills contained in each of them. Having separated the wheat from the chaff, we expect you to decide just what kind of wheat you're looking for. Since the books recommended are meant to form the core of a well-rounded collection of fear-film books, we are not including any books devoted to a single director or actor, or studies dedicated to any single movie. These you'll have to ferret out on your

own. The books that we are considering here all fall into four convenient categories: 1. *The Basics*, 2. *Film Listings*, 3. *Personalities* and 4. *Subgenre Surveys*. Somewhere within this broad menu should be found something to everyone's taste.



1. The Basics

Carlos Clarens' *An Illustrated History of the Horror Film* (Perigee, 1967, \$4.95) was not only the first in-depth study of the entire genre by a recognized film scholar, but it was done so well that few books have rivaled its importance in the field in the 15 years since its publication. Clarens was one of the first writers to treat horror movies in an "adult" manner; previous paperback volumes by Ackerman and by Brad Steiger (who alternated between horror film books and UFO studies) had been obviously aimed at a "kiddie" and teenaged market.

In a scholarly but fascinating manner, Clarens wrote a volume that is still viewed by many as the definitive history of the genre. He traces the origins of fear film from the earliest silent days, through the period of the German gothics, such as *Nosferatu* and *The Golem*, up to the B-movies of the 50's and the low-budget terrors of the 60's, the latter two chapters bearing the respectively appropriate titles "Keep

Watching The Sky" and "The Dead Next Door." Instead of dwelling on the careers of such dominant figures as Karloff or Lewton, Clarens touches as many different facets as he can. Nevertheless, his chapters on the films of Hammer and of Roger Corman provide two of the book's highlights, which stand among the earliest evaluations of the one studio and the one director that did the most to change the face of horror filmmaking in the 50's and 60's.

In addition, the book boasts 48 pages of stills, a filmography of 300-plus titles, and a useful index. The book's one major drawback is, of course, its age. Though a British edition (titled *Horror Movies: An Illustrated Survey*) appeared a year later with slight revisions, recent hyperactivity in the horror field leaves a very significant 15-year gap between the close of the book and the present day.

More up-to-date, but less all-encompassing in its approach, is Ivan Butler's *Horror in the Cinema* (A.S. Barnes, 3rd ed., 1979, \$15.00). Butler's volume first appeared in 1967, as *The Horror Film*; it has since been retitled and twice revised. Butler's approach to the field is defined largely by his own critical discrimination, as he attempts to survey the field by zeroing in on certain major themes and dominant personalities—for instance, a chapter titled "Three Early Sound Classics" offers critical analyses of *Vampyr*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Freaks*. Entire chapters are devoted to Val Lewton, Corman, Roman Polanski (stressing *Repulsion*) and Hitchcock (particularly *Psycho*). The most recent edition concludes with a chapter examining three relatively recent films that Butler nominates for classic status, *Rosemary's Baby*, *The Exorcist* and *The Omen*. There is a good selection of stills as well, over 150 of them.

Butler's *Horror in the Cinema* is worth having in any of its three editions, partially because the author is not slavishly hooked on the genre; he doesn't try to defend every successful horror film ever made. It is not a book written by a fan for the enjoyment of other fans (as are some of the other books included in this guide); it is equally directed at those who have had relatively little exposure to actual hor-

*Except for this footnote—The first published book on the subject was apparently *The Best From Famous Monsters of Filmland*, published in 1964 by Paperback Library for the bargain price of 50¢, edited by F.J. Ackerman. And two regrettable omissions from this compendium are Ed Naha's *From Scream to Screen*, an excellent alphabetical list book that is now out of print, and Dennis Gifford's *A Pictorial History of Horror Movies*, a British publication that never was published on this side of the Big Water.

ror films. This may be one of the reasons that the book continues in print (while expanding slightly with each edition)—it is a sincere work intended for all serious students of film, not just horror enthusiasts.

In *Classics of the Horror Film* (Citadel, 1974, 247 pages, \$6.95), William K. Everson further intensifies the premise used by Butler in his book, by concentrating his study on individual films both popular (*Cat People*) and obscure (*The Lady and the Monster*) and upon certain significant themes in horror history ("Vampires" and "Edgar Allan Poe"), devoting his attention almost exclusively to those films that the author believes can be considered film classics. Yet, despite the similarity in their approaches, there is very little duplication of material in the Everson and Butler volumes.

Unfortunately for the current generation of horror fans, there seems to be few films since the 1940's that Everson deems worth seeing (forget consideration as classics!). Everson lends his stature as an internationally recognized film historian and scholar to the premise that the old horror films are the only "true" horror films; anything made since the landmark *Psycho* in 1960 stands a strong chance of dismissal as

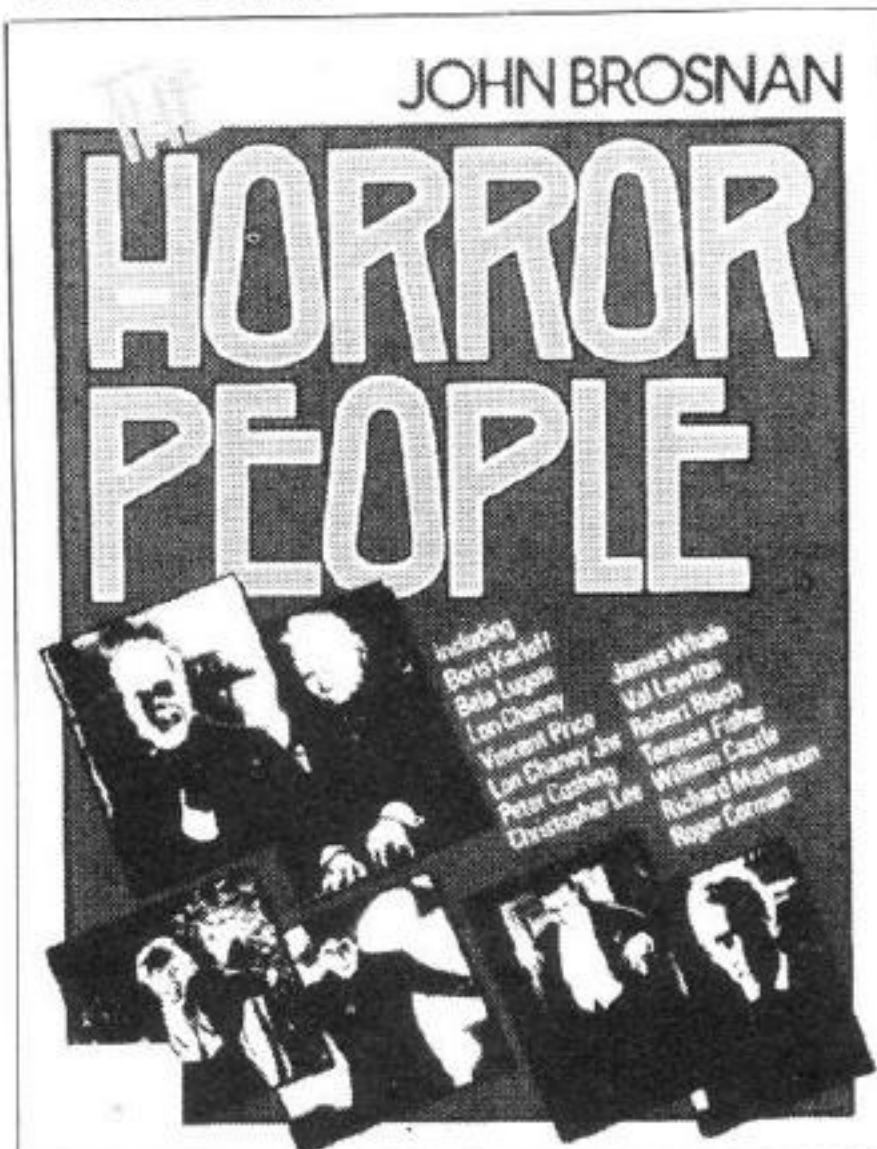
disgusting trash. Says Everson:

"It is no trick to revolt and nauseate an audience via blood, decapitation, detailed killings, closeups of floating hearts and eyeballs. It is the easiest, laziest trick in the world. And it proves over and over again that the most effective screen horror is still the least detailed screen horror."

Everson goes so far as to label *Psycho* a "sick" motion picture, and the beginning of the end of the horror genre, at least in terms of future classics ever being produced. Naturally, one doubts that the author would be a great admirer of horror film's latter day saints, the Romeros, Carpenters and Cronenbergs that dominate today's horror films.

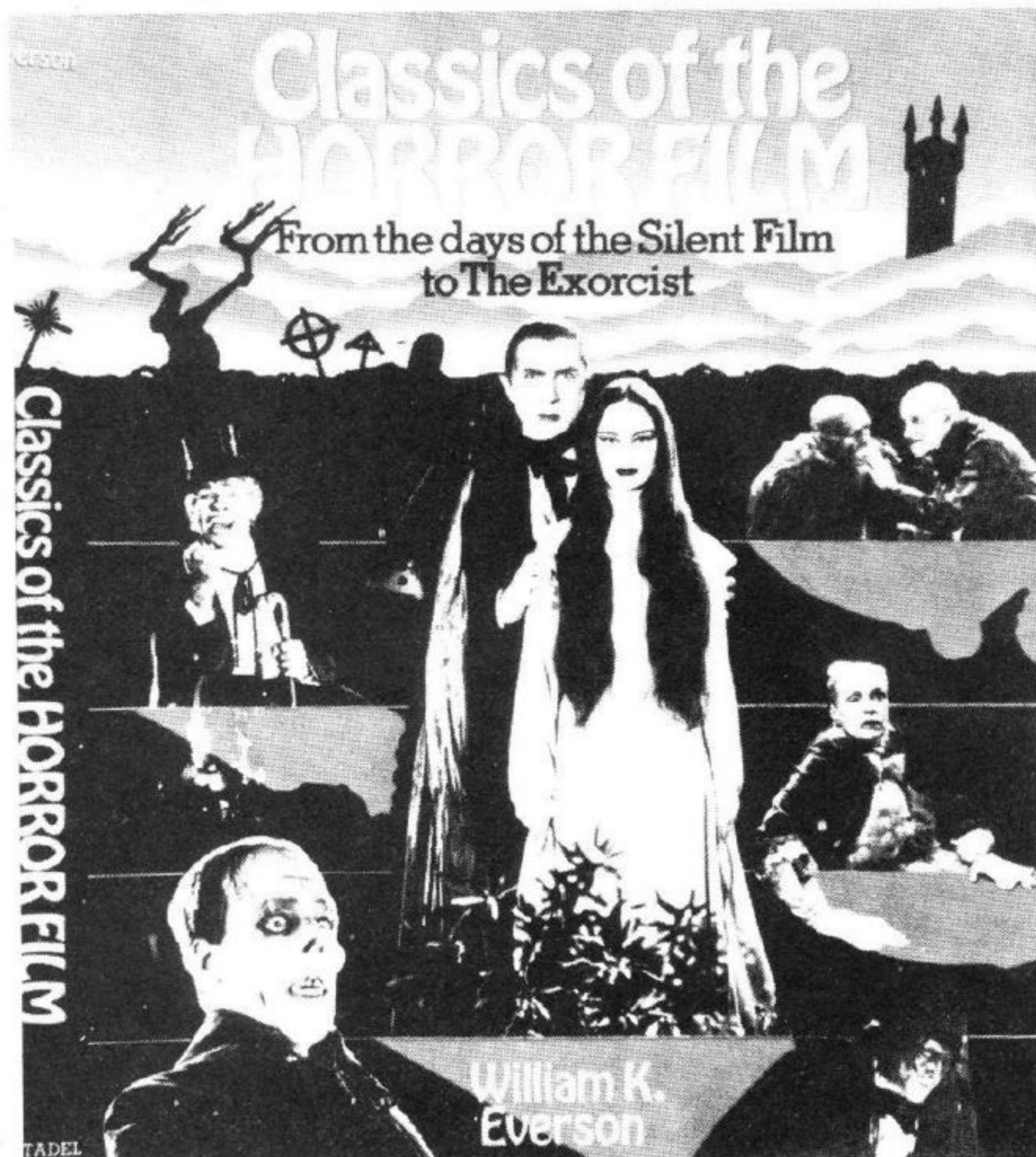
But, despite such critical blind spots, no other film scholar matches Everson in terms of thoroughness of research—an attribute shared by all of Everson's film books, including his definitive studies of Western films and his excellent *The Bad Guys*, profiling the actors who played the silver screen's most memorable villains. *Classics of the Horror Film* is no exception. Of all the books mentioned here it is the most profusely illustrated, boasting nearly 400 stills, including many extreme rarities; and there is no other book that offers material on such films

as *Mark of the Vampire* and *Mystery of the Wax Museum* that is anywhere near as reliable, informed and detailed. Where many other reference books can only devote a few sentences or at most a paragraph before being forced by space limitations to move on, Everson's book offers the reader the opportunity to learn practically all there is to know about an individual film, rendering it indispensable to anyone with an interest in horror films "B.G." (that's Before Gore).



A fourth book which is equally indispensable to anyone who can only afford to collect just a handful of books is John Brosnan's *The Horror People* (NAL, 1976, 306 pages, \$3.95). Brosnan, an Australian-born author whose other work includes excellent volumes on special effects (*Movie Magic*) and SF film (*Future Tense*), is perhaps best known as resident critic at *Starburst*, the British magazine of SF and fantasy film. In all three books, Brosnan creates anecdotal histories of his given topics, by devoting full chapters to specific subtopics, drawing heavily on interviews conducted with the personalities and technicians behind the scenes. *The Horror People*, befitting its title, stresses personalities even more than Brosnan's other books, with full chapters on Lewton, Jack Arnold, William Castle, Price, Lee and Cushing; the balance of the chapters are shared by two or more subjects sharing a common ground, such as screenwriters Bloch and Matheson, or "The Men Behind the Early Monsters": Karl Freund, Tod Browning and James Whale.

There's also a fascinating appendix of short biographies of other "horror people" who didn't make it to full-chapter status, from Atwill to Warhol. Brosnan even pays homage to horror fandom, with a chapter largely devoted to the life and times of Forrest J. Ackerman. But, despite its wide range and its wealth of accurate information,



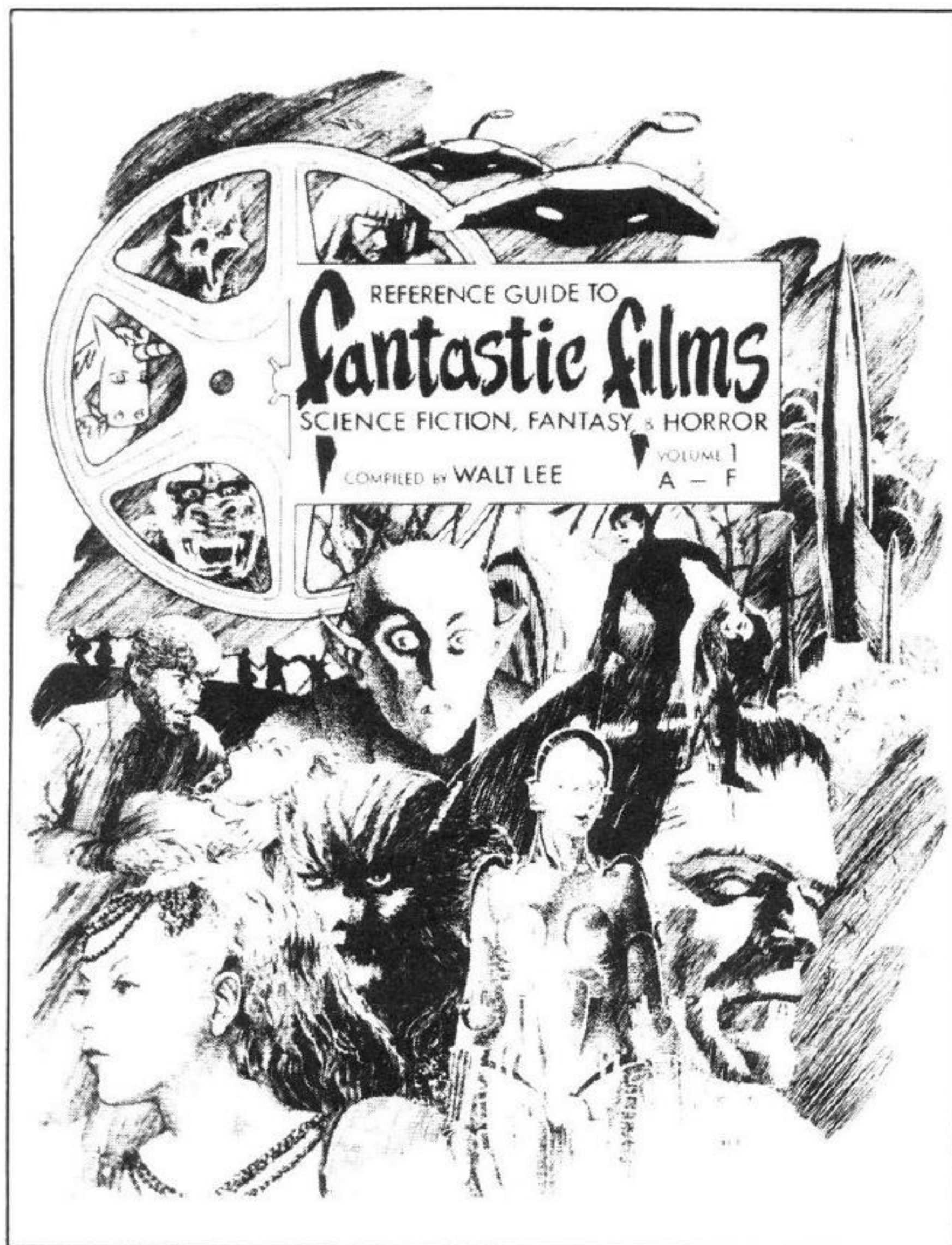
the anecdotal approach and organization of the book by personality prevents it from becoming a real history of the field. While worthwhile on its own, *The Horror People* is most useful as a companion volume to either Clarendon's or Butler's critical histories. And, ideally, all four of the volumes described in these pages would provide a balanced core for any fan's horror film reference library.

II. Film Listings

The definitive checklist of the genre is undeniably Walt Lee's *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films: Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror* (Chelsea-Lee Books, 1972/74, 3 vols., 200 pages ea., \$16.95 ea.). Issued in three huge paperbacks, the *Guide* attempts nothing less than to catalog every fantastic film ever made anywhere in the world. Some 20,000 motion pictures are mentioned here with complete production credits, supplemented by sections dealing with films bearing fantastic-sounding titles that are not truly in the genre, and a section called "Problems" for those films not yet adequately identified by Lee and his team of experts. This reference guide is an on-going, life-long project for Walt Lee, who reportedly intends to publish an expanded and revised edition at some point in the future.

Although illustrated with numerous rare stills, and including introductions from the likes of Robert Bloch and Christopher Lee, the *Reference Guide* will not, however, serve as any sort of critical guide. Lee delivers only the raw information—actors, writers, directors, plus source material, sequels, and usually a one-line description of the "fantastic nature" which has qualified the film for inclusion in the guide. Of course, it's doubtful if any of us will ever see more than a fraction of the films listed here, but it is the final word when trying to find out more than is included in a *TV Guide* listing which states only: *The Return of the Thing with Three Heads* (Yugoslavia, 1958). Two quotes from the volumes that illuminate the effort behind these projects are Forrest J. Ackerman's statement that "there have been something in excess of 7000 films made since the late 1890's which would qualify as horror motion pictures," and Walt Lee's deceptively casual remark, in a mention of the amount of research conducted by going through various film journals, that "it only took me about 15 years to go through them."

A film listing similar to Lee's but containing "only" 4400 titles is Donald C. Willis' *Horror and Science Fiction Films, A Checklist* (Scarecrow Press, 1972, 612 pages, \$23.00). What Willis is unable to match in scope, he tries to make up for by offering concise critiques of many of

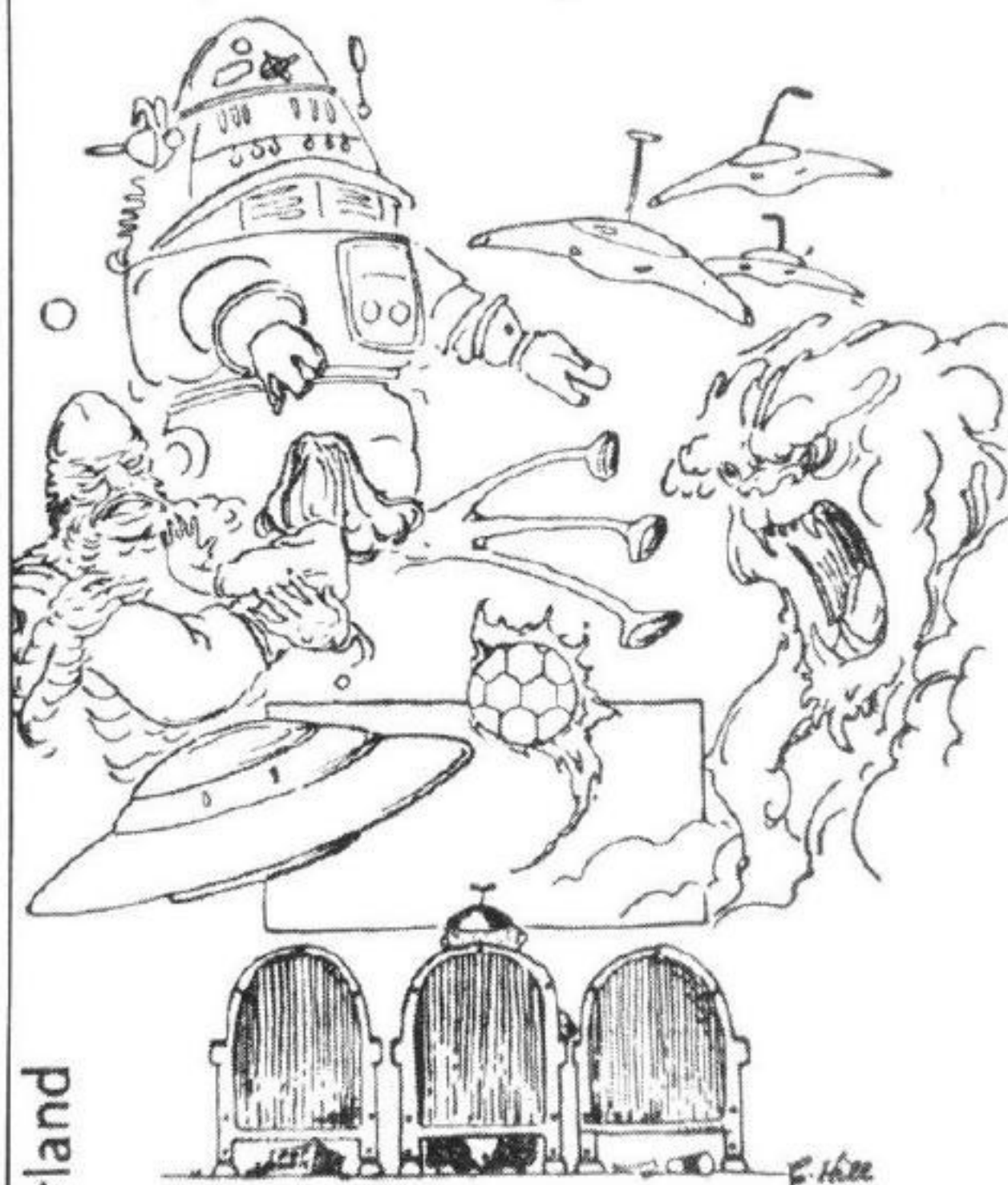


the films he lists, so that a potential viewer now has some idea if the film is worth watching, let alone learning when and where it was made, the production company, and so on. Still, the Lee guide went beyond Willis in its overall usefulness; at least that held true until Willis' *Horror and Science Fiction Films, II* (Scarecrow Press, 1982, 488 pages, \$28.50) came out this spring and immediately put Lee's listing 10 years behind the times. This book is not so much a sequel as it is a direct continuation of Volume I. Willis pretty much picks up where he left off—the last new film included in Volume I was *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*, while Volume II is current enough to include such films as *The Howling*. *Horror and Science Fiction Films, II* contains no less than 2,350 entries, with the customary mention of principal credits for all such films released in the past decade, plus more of Willis' critiques. Some of the remarks will strike the reader as being definitely "off the wall," as when he cites, for example,

Whale's *Frankenstein* as "one of those you-know-it's-a-classic-because-it's-dull. Too similar imitations have killed whatever interest it originally had, if any." Regardless of his personal views, the Willis listings are now the best value. Even if the Walt Lee guide is still definitive for the period it covers, its usefulness will remain limited until a revised edition is published.

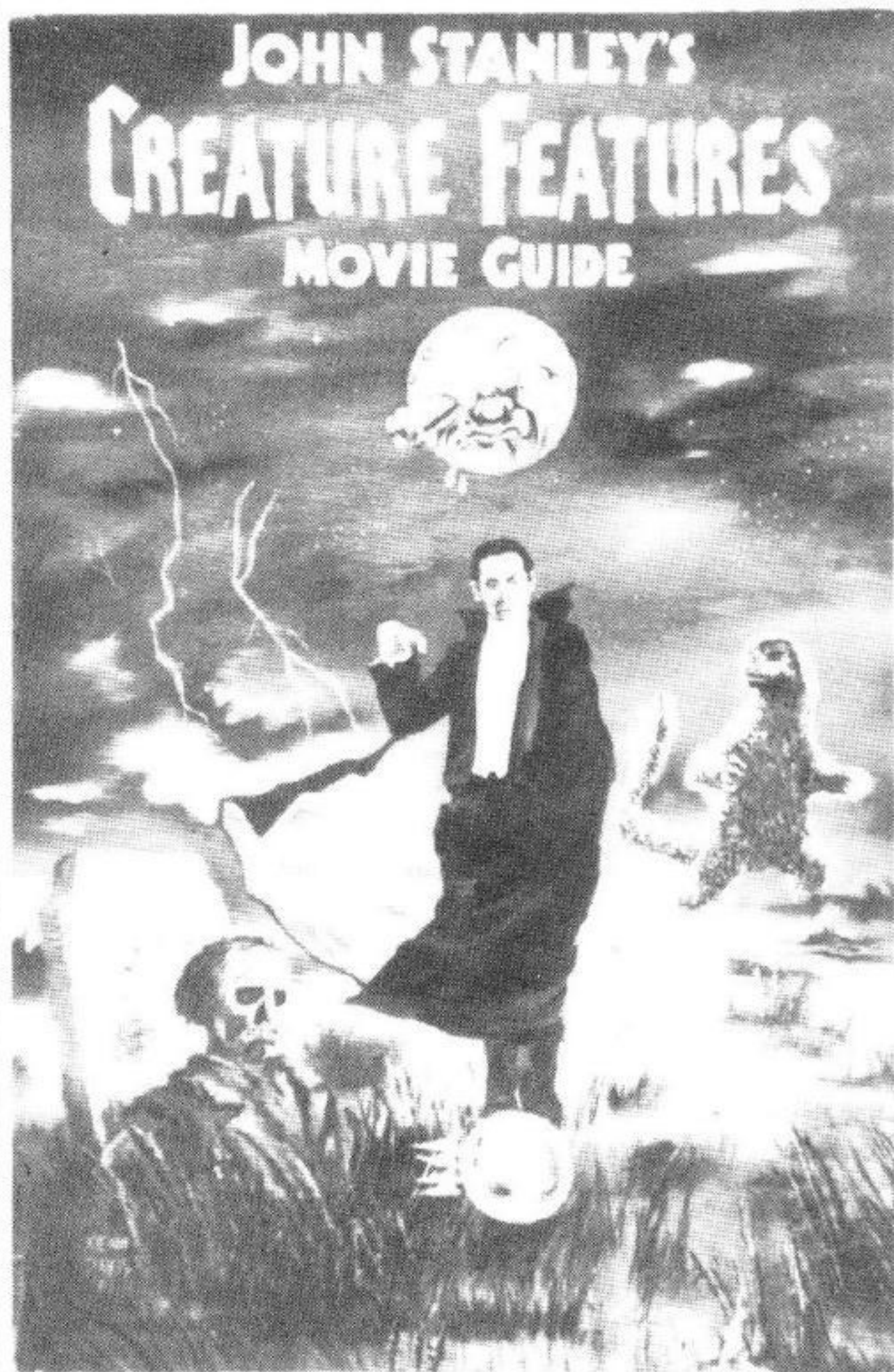
As this article was in progress, a brand-new compendium was issued by McFarland Press, a small publishing firm that has recently instituted an aggressive filmbook publishing policy. The volume, Bill Warren's *Keep Watching The Skies!* (McFarland, 1982, 467 pages, \$39.95), is not entirely appropriate for this article, since it is limited solely to science fiction films released in the U.S. in the years 1950 to 1957; but, back in the 50's, there were few SF pictures without a resident monster, and few monsters that were not provided with a scientific rationale, hence Warren's inclusion of such fare as Gog,

Keep Watching the Skies!



McFarland

by Bill Warren



Vampire, and *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, as well as such cross-genre epics as *The Thing From Another World*, *It Conquered the World* and *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.

Warren says in his introduction that it's "hard to describe the kind of book this is, as I don't know of any other books like this." Quite true; in some ways, however, it might be compared to Ed Naha's *From Screen to Screen*, a horror film list-book now lamentably out of print. By confining himself to a seven-year period in the annals of SF film, however, Warren offers much longer entries on most films, many of them comparable in their erudition and research with the work of Everson—and the book is quite comprehensive within its stated limitations. No film is given short shrift ("The title alone might indicate that this is a terrible film. The indication is accurate," Warren says at the outset of his two-page review of *Untamed Women*), while acknowledged classics, personal favorites of the author, and certain unduly maligned films are written up in full-feature fashion. Most entries fall in a middle range of two or three pages in length, including full plot synopses for each film, Warren's critical appraisal of

each, and a varying amount of behind-the-scenes information.

As a critic, Warren definitely has strong likes and dislikes, and he makes them known, and he's sporting enough to include rousing statements of defense for such pictures as *Robot Monster* and *Attack of the Crab Monsters* (while putting certain bad-movie-book authors in their place).

Three appendices offer full cast and credit lists of the films included, a chronology of release dates, and a fascinating list of films announced for production, but never made (Warren's favorite was *The Great Green Og*; our readers will probably lament the non-existence of *Killer Brain*).

More affordable, and much less serious in its intent than the other books mentioned here, is John Stanley's *Creature Feature Movie Guide* (Creatures At Large, 1981, 208 pages, \$8.95). Over 2,700 titles are included in its pages, and there lies its prime value. Inaccuracies abound; *Beast of Blood* is described as a sequel to *Mad Doctor of Blood Island*, while *Mad Doctor* is described as a sequel to *Beast of Blood*; Stanley thinks *Horror of Party Beach* was made in California—but its true

claim to fame is that it's the only Beach Party film ever made in Connecticut; his entry on *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies* suggests that the film may not even exist! In addition, a number of titles receive no more than a glib one-line review. Should you need to learn the name of the director or the country of origin of *Nightmare Hotel*, for instance, all Stanley has for you is "(1970) Poor accommodations. Don't spend the night." Even Leonard Maltin's *TV Movie Guide* (excluded here because of its non-specialization) gives a more generous appraisal, the lead actors and the director's name, and a plot summary of Eugenio Martin's Spanish thriller.

Despite Stanley's tendency to go glib on us rather frequently, he does come up with director and cast on most occasions, and he does seem to have seen most of the films listed. Best of all, the book is current as of spring 1981 (the cut-off date being somewhere between *Scanners*, which is included, and *The Wolfen*, which is not).

NEXT ISSUE: Part 2—Horror Personalities and Subgenre Surveys!



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The Pit & the Pen

of Alex Gordon

In 1966, a movie entitled *Bat Men of Africa* was released to theaters and television. It was actually a 100 minute feature version of the 1936 Republic serial, *Darkest Africa*, produced by Nat Levine, directed by B. Reeves Eason and Joseph Kane, supervised by Barney (Flash Gordon) Sarecky, with special effects by Jack Coyle, Ellis Thackery, and Howard and Theodore Lydecker. When I met "Breezy" Eason at Gene Autry's house in North Hollywood one Christmas with his young Indian wife, he told me about this picture, and later "Babe" Lydecker, when working on my *Underwater City* movie at Columbia, elaborated on it.

Clyde Beatty, the world famous wild animal trainer, who had made *The Big Cage* at Universal and *The Lost Jungle* serial for Nat Levine's Mascot Pictures was signed to star in *Darkest Africa*. Beatty also had his own circus, and Ken Maynard and Bob Steele were among his star performers at times. Lucien Pri-

val, an Erich von Stroheim look-alike in Howard Hughes' aerial epic *Hell's Angels*, played one of the villains, and Ray Bernard, later to become Ray "Crash" Corrigan, had a prominent featured role.

The story has Beatty, playing himself, helping Baru, a jungle-raised white boy, rescue his sister who is held captive in the hidden city of Joba where the high priest (Prival) has made her Goddess of the Golden Bat. An army of flying Bat Men protects the city.

Jack Mathis' spectacular book, *Valley of the Cliffhangers*, contains many pages of illustrations and fascinating data concerning the production of this and other Republic serials. For this article, I feel that a mention in the passing "Bat Parade" suffices.

"Blood Freezing Horror of Devil Bat New Triumph for Bela Lugosi" is how the PRC (Producers Releasing Corporation) pressbook heralded the arrival of this production, for which I handled publicity in England when a young pub-

licist with George Minter's Renown Pictures Corporation (later to produce such memorable films as *A Christmas Carol*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and *The Pickwick Papers*). Antony Balch, the personable and brilliant young director of my brother Richard Gordon's *Horror Hospital*, had a particular soft spot in his heart for *Devil Bat* and often told me that it was his favorite movie.

The story involves Dr. Paul Caruthers (Bela Lugosi), a kindly physician in the village of Heathville, who, unknown to the townspeople, possesses a dual personality. Feeling that he has been unjustly deprived of enormous profits by Henry Morton and Martin Heath, owners of the Martin-Heath Cosmetics Company, he devotes his spare time to creating a giant killer bat, which he trains to react violently to the odor of a specific scent, a shaving lotion. (Possibly this picture helped to start a generation of bearded young adults so prevalent in the 50's and 60's!)

When Morton and Heath give the

One of the title characters from *Bat Men of Africa* zeroes in on circus star Clyde Beatty.





Nolan Leary, John James and Rosemary La Planche in Frank Wisbar's *Devil Bat's Daughter*.

doctor a check as a bonus for the use of a formula which has made them wealthy, the doctor resents that he is dependent on them for what they may choose to give him. He should, he feels, be a part owner of the enterprise. In revenge, he presents his intended victims with gifts of a new type of shaving lotion, containing the scent he has taught the killer bat to hate.

The first victim to be attacked and killed is young Roy Heath. Johnny Layton, a newspaper reporter, and his photographer, "One Shot" McGuire, are sent to the village by Joseph McGinty, their city editor, to investigate the killing. When they report the death as a result of an attack by a giant bat, they are ridiculed and finally fired by McGinty. Eventually there is another mysterious death, the victim, this time, being young Tommy Heath. Johnny Layton and McGuire succeed in disabling the giant bat, but soon there is another death, that of Don Morton, and the giant bat is seen again. Johnny's suspicions are now aroused towards the apparently benign Dr. Caruthers. After Henry Morton is killed, and Mary Heath finally shown to be an intended victim of the killer bat, Johnny searches the doctor's laboratory and finds another bloodthirsty bat.

Johnny compels the doctor to accompany him to the garden of the

Heath home, to await the coming of the bat. He throws some of the fatal scent on the doctor and, when the bat appears, the creature attacks and kills the scientist. In turn, the bat is killed, and the entire vicious scheme of the doctor is exposed.

Jean Yarborough directed this production for producer Jack Gallagher and John Thomas Neville fashioned the screenplay from an original story by George Bricker. Dave O'Brien, veteran of many action pictures, serials and Westerns, portrayed Johnny Layton, and Suzanne Kaaren was the leading lady.

As a publicity gimmick, the producers suggested contacting any youngsters in towns playing the picture that are "bats about bats" and might have a collection of these creatures for display in the theatre lobby! Failing that, making a giant model bat was advised.

Devil Bat's Daughter, PRC's 1946 release, bore some slight relation to the 1940 Lugosi film. Produced and directed by Frank Wisbar, a famous name in German cinema in the early 30's and after World War II when among his credits was the acclaimed *Battle Inferno* (*Hunde, Wollt Ihr Ewig Leben—Dogs, Do You Want To Live Forever*—about Germans on the Russian front), *Devil Bat's Daughter* brought to the screen

beauty contest winner Rosemary La Planche with Western Republic Studios actor John James, Molly Lamont, Michael Hale and Western villain Edward Cassidy. Wisbar, responsible for over 300 American TV shows and many German made features, wrote the story and screenplay with Ernst Jaeger and Griffin Jay. He had turned out a successful B horror film, *Strangler of the Swamp*, for PRC, toplining Miss La Planche, Robert Barratt, Blake Edwards (yes, the same) and Charles (Ming the Merciless) Middleton, and the *Devil Bat* picture seemed a logical follow-up. The villain was now a psychiatrist trying to drive the daughter of the former *Devil Bat* mad doctor to madness herself. At the climax of the picture, the Lugosi character was reinstated as a kindly and misunderstood benefactor of mankind, who actually did not commit any of the crimes that Bela performed with such glee in the original, as author/film historian William K. Everson points out in his excellent book, *Classics of the Horror Film*—a somewhat unconvincing finale especially to those who saw the original!

Hollywood was to continue its love affair with bats without bat-ting an eye with a pretty good boxoffice bat-ting average, so we will bring to a close this Bat-time story before it goes from bat to worse!

Pink Floyd's The Wall

Director Alan Parker Talks About His Controversial Dark Fantasy.

By Ed Naha



If there's a single movie that's bound to cause more than its share of controversy this year, it's *Pink Floyd's The Wall*. As directed by Alan Parker, this musical fantasy hovers uneasily somewhere between nightmare and acid flashback.

When the movie was initially sneak previewed in Hollywood last summer, the paying audience, consisting mostly of teenaged Pink Floyd fans, went away raving. The few critics in attendance, however, were polarized. Some called it brilliant. Others found it pointless.

At a later sneak, for critics only, staffers from MGM-UA were asked to keep track of any and all walk-outs. And walk-outs there were, with some of the exiting patrons terming the film "neo-nazi," "misogynistic" and "puerile."

With the movie now making its way into theaters across the country, the critical storm can only intensify. In the center of the hurricane, is the ever-unflappable director Alan Parker.

Well known as a master of cinematic eclecticism, Parker has confounded both his admirers and detractors with a body of work that defies classification. *Bugsy Malone* starred children in an old fashioned gangster-musical spoof. *Fame* was the ultimate me-generation "making it" musical. *Midnight Express* was a catalog of prison brutality and *Shoot the Moon* was a painful look at a marriage gone bad.

"Critics should be appalled by this movie," says Parker, during a four day visit to Los Angeles a month prior to the film's official opening. "They'll be split right down the middle. I don't think I've ever made a movie that they've agreed on, though. I polarized them on *Bugsy Malone*. I polarized them on



Alan Parker directs Bob Geldof in the role of the rock star Pink who undergoes a total mental disintegration.

Midnight Express. I polarized them on *Shoot the Moon*.

"You know, I'm not sure whether I'd ever want everyone to agree on a single film or not. Of course, my vanity would certainly like people saying my movies are great. I think I'll wind up getting all the critics on my side over a long period of time . . . but never on the same film. Maybe they'll do a retrospective some day and decide that I wasn't such a bad guy after all."

He stifles a chuckle. "But *this* is going to be a very difficult film for most people to deal with. A lot of people will

be put off by it. It's about madness. It's very, very strange."

Calling *The Wall* "strange" may be the understatement of the decade. A film that, oftentimes, goes out of its way to outrage its audience, *The Wall* combines harsh music with even harsher visuals.

The movie centers around the complete mental breakdown experienced by rock 'n' roll star Pink (Bob Geldof of Britain's Boomtown Rats band). *The Wall* opens with Pink sitting in a Los Angeles hotel room. He is the victim of too many concerts, too much dope,

A bizarre view of Pink's education by screenwriter Roger Waters and director Alan Parker.





Pink, a victim of self-mutilation.



The rock star's fantasies eventually take the form of Neo-Nazi dreams of power.



Swinging randomly through time and place, Pink's mind is confronted with images of himself as a child.

too much isolation. His mind slowly flips back through time and the audience witnesses his childhood. He is shaken by the death of his father during an air strike at the height of World War II.

He attends schools that subjugate the children rather than educate them. He is without a father figure. His teachers are martinets. His mother is insensitive. His response to these childhood experiences is to slowly build a defensive "wall" around his feelings, to stave off further hurt.

Pink stumbles through life, marrying a girl but never allowing her to enter his own, inner world. He becomes a rock idol and his isolation increases. He is surrounded by witless groupies and yes-men.

When his wife falls in love with one of her professors, Pink cracks. He has lost the last symbolic anchor, his last tie to the real world, his family.

Now, locked in his room with a handful of pills, Pink loses it. He smashes the furniture and drifts off into a totally hallucinogenic realm where past and present collide. He envisions himself a Hitleresque rock leader.

During the course of his angst-induced trip, Pink physically mutilates

himself; pain being his last tenuous connection with reality. Is there some way that Pink can pull himself out of his mental tailspin? Is there some way he can tear down the wall before he bricks himself up into a total state of insanity?

The audience is given a glimpse of the answer in the film's final sequence . . . if they can make it through the film to that point. During *The Wall's* endless one hour and 35 minutes, moviegoers are exposed to every type of living death imaginable. By comparison to Pink's inner world, Dante's *Inferno* was a pleasure palace.

Pink Floyd member Roger Waters' composition, originally heard on the LP *The Wall*, thunders through stereophonic speakers as Bob Geldof thrashes about his hotel room, becoming unstuck in time more frequently than Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim and hounded by grim animation sequences designed by illustrator Gerald Scarfe.

Pink's life story is told almost totally through imagery combined with music, with virtually no dialogue. The viewer is asked to participate in an audio-visual experience of nightmarish proportions.

"I never said this would be a nice, safe film," states Parker before any criticism can be leveled his way. "It was

never my intention to make a nice, safe movie. So far, however, I've been pretty encouraged by the audience reaction. The kids seem to love it, despite the fact that it's a serious film.

"When they enter the theater, they're not quite sure what they're getting. They have no preconceptions of what the film is about. Initially, they go in and cheer wildly whenever they hear a new song. Then, as the plot slowly unfolds, there's a lot less cheering to be heard. They get dragged into it.

"I don't think this is a movie that will frighten kids. I think it will affect them, though. They'll think about it a lot later on. I don't think that many people will sit there and identify with what Pink is going through, though. They're not going to rub their eyes and say 'My goodness, that's me up there!'

"But they are going to have second thoughts about drugs and rock and fame. They're going to be shaken up. I mean, we're actually going into someone's head in this movie. We're showing the gradual progress of insanity. That's not something you see every day."

The Wall had its beginnings a few years back when Parker, fresh from the success of *Fame*, was contemplating his



Up against the Wall of isolation and madness.

next project, a taut epic of marriage on the rocks, *Shoot the Moon*.

"I had phoned up a friend at EMI," he recalls, "which, in England, is both a film and a record company. I was going through my usual moan about how the British film industry isn't doing anything worthwhile and, for some odd reason, I started talking about Pink Floyd's album, *The Wall*.

"My son had the record at home and, since he was always playing it, I was quite familiar with it. I knew the story-line. I started spouting off about how this would make a great movie.

"My friend said 'Well, why don't you talk to Roger Waters [Floyd's chief songwriter]. He's been saying the same thing.' So, Roger and I talked and decided that we could do a very interesting movie. I never really pick my projects, you see. They seem to pick me.

"So, I decided to film *The Wall* before I started *Shoot the Moon*. Halfway through the filming of *Shoot the Moon*, I flew to Germany to see the last live concert performance of *The Wall*. I hadn't seen the Pink Floyd show, thought I should, and knew that Germany was my last chance.

"After I saw it, I flew back to San Francisco to finish *Shoot the Moon*.

The stage version of *The Wall* didn't upset my work on *Moon* because, by that time, I had a pretty good idea of how the finished movie would look. But the ideas and the imagery of the stage show lingered in my mind for the longest of times.

"As soon as I was done with *Shoot the Moon*, I came to England and started *The Wall* immediately."

From the outset, it was clear to the British filmmaker that *The Wall* would be a strange movie in more ways than one. It would have no dialogue as such. It would star a non-professional actor. Both decisions, as it turns out, happened by chance.

"We decided that dialogue wasn't important in the telling of the story," Parker shrugs. "We just found it unnecessary. It did cause some difficulties, eventually. Telling a story using only music and visuals is not easy, especially a story that leads you into madness. We had to set up the film so the audience would gradually be drawn into this altered perception. It's not so much fantasy as much as altered reality. We had to give the audience time to adjust to it, accept it. And we couldn't rely on dialogue or any conventional

(Continued on Page 63)

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I Remember Tor

*A Heartfelt Remembrance of Tor Johnson,
the King of Menace*

By Johnny Legend

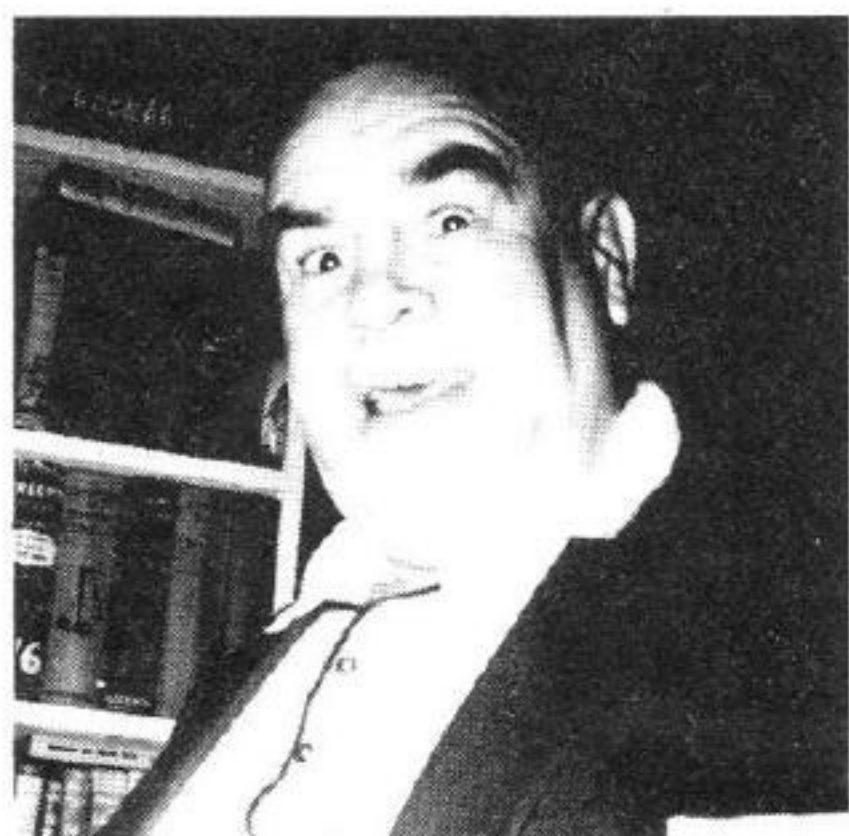
Editor's Note: For any dedicated fan of low-budget 50's horror, Tor Johnson is one of the most memorable and certainly most awesome of figures of that terror-filled decade. Although he made only a handful of pictures, his hulking and often sympathetic presence made a lasting impression on young viewers who were privileged enough to see him in such movies as the 1956 all-star horror show *The Black Sleep* and Edward D. Wood, Jr.'s camp classics, *Bride of the Monster* and *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Johnny Legend was more privi-

leged than most; he lived in the same neighborhood as Tor and became not only a fan but a friend of the man-mountain of horror.

This is the city—San Fernando, California—about 30 minutes outside of greater Los Angeles. I was born into the first generation post-war horror baby boom, an eerie breed of bug-eyed, slobbering infants that would eventually evolve and mutate into today's worldwide, sci-fi, monster and gore fan following. Back in the 50's, it was the best and worst of times. I was barely out of diapers, just

sinking my newly-formed teeth into EC's and other horror comics only to see them bullied out of existence. With only watered-down comics and a few cheap thrills from early television left for us fledgling pioneers, there proved to be only one remaining frontier—the movies. Week in and out, I would nag my parents relentlessly until they had no choice but to cart me off whatever distance to the nearest available theater or drive-in featuring the likes of *Attack of the Crab Monsters* and *Not of this Earth*. It was admittedly grueling and arduous work, but for nearly a decade I fought to see virtually every horror or sci-fi film which ventured anywhere

Above Even amongst horror greats Chaney, Jr. and John Carradine, the great Tor towers. From *The Black Sleep*



Tor Johnson tries to see the walls of the Ackermansion through all "that crap" (memorabilia).

near Southern California. And then, in the late 50's, Fate, as with Richard Kimble, moved its huge hand. For some glorious, forgotten reason, the Towne Theatre, our last small town "picture show," initiated a revolutionary policy: ALL HORROR! And I'm talking 3 BIG HITS, 7 DAYS A WEEK, 365 days a year for the lofty admission fee of 15 cents! All this less than a 10 minute walk from my track house home. The triple bills came fast and furious with no apparent rhyme or reason to their scheduling—*The Thing*, *Horror of Dracula* and *The Screaming Skull* was as likely a trio as any.

A year or so later, I was seated towards the front row at a sold-out Sunday matinee. On screen, the third feature of the day, *The Unearthly*, was building to a climactic free-for-all involving John Carradine, his assistant Lobo, awesome Allison Hayes, and leading man Myron Healey. A strange rumbling began, apparently from the rear of the theater. I hopped up and turned around to see what was happening. Squinting, I gradually managed to focus on the first authentic spectacle of my pre-pubescent existence. There, flanked by ushers, stood the personification of childhood wonder. There stood the giant among men, Lobo himself, the immortal Tor Johnson. Slightly hunched over and illuminated by a solitary flashlight held below his face, Tor stalked down the aisle in the inimitable "Lobo shuffle." Tor's eyes were wide and vacant, mine were glazed and goggled as he passed directly by me, crossed the front row beneath the screen, and started back up the opposite aisle. By this time, the roar of the audience was ear-shattering. Masses of bodies formed then scattered like flies to make way for the imposing giant. The film on the screen, completely overshadowed, flickered off, leaving a blackened auditorium full of screaming brats, a handful of ushers, Tor, and his flashlight. Lobo walked among us. Reaching the rear doors, he disappeared into the lobby. Along with sev-



The gentle giant horses around with his dog Storm.

eral hundreds others, I stormed into the lobby to see Tor being whisked away by a waiting vehicle (not quite a limousine).

After several heated moments the bedlam subsided and the final moments of *The Unearthly* flashed back onto the screen. I sat there, my feverish young mind pondering the magnitude of what had just happened. Petty, nagging questions cropped up. For example, why the hell was Tor Johnson making an unannounced appearance in this hick theater out in the middle of nowhere for a two-year-old low-budget horror movie on the bottom of a 15¢ triple bill?

Two years later, 1961. At the strapping age of 12, I had crossed over from the ranks of gawking fan to the rank of gawking, amateur costume designer. Allen Rizzi, a kid from up the block, and I were actually corresponding with Paul (*It Conquered the World*) Blaisdell and had just completed a crude imitation of the alien head constructed by



Tor (with hair!) mugging for the camera in front of his house, the same house that Bela Lugosi supposedly lived in in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*.



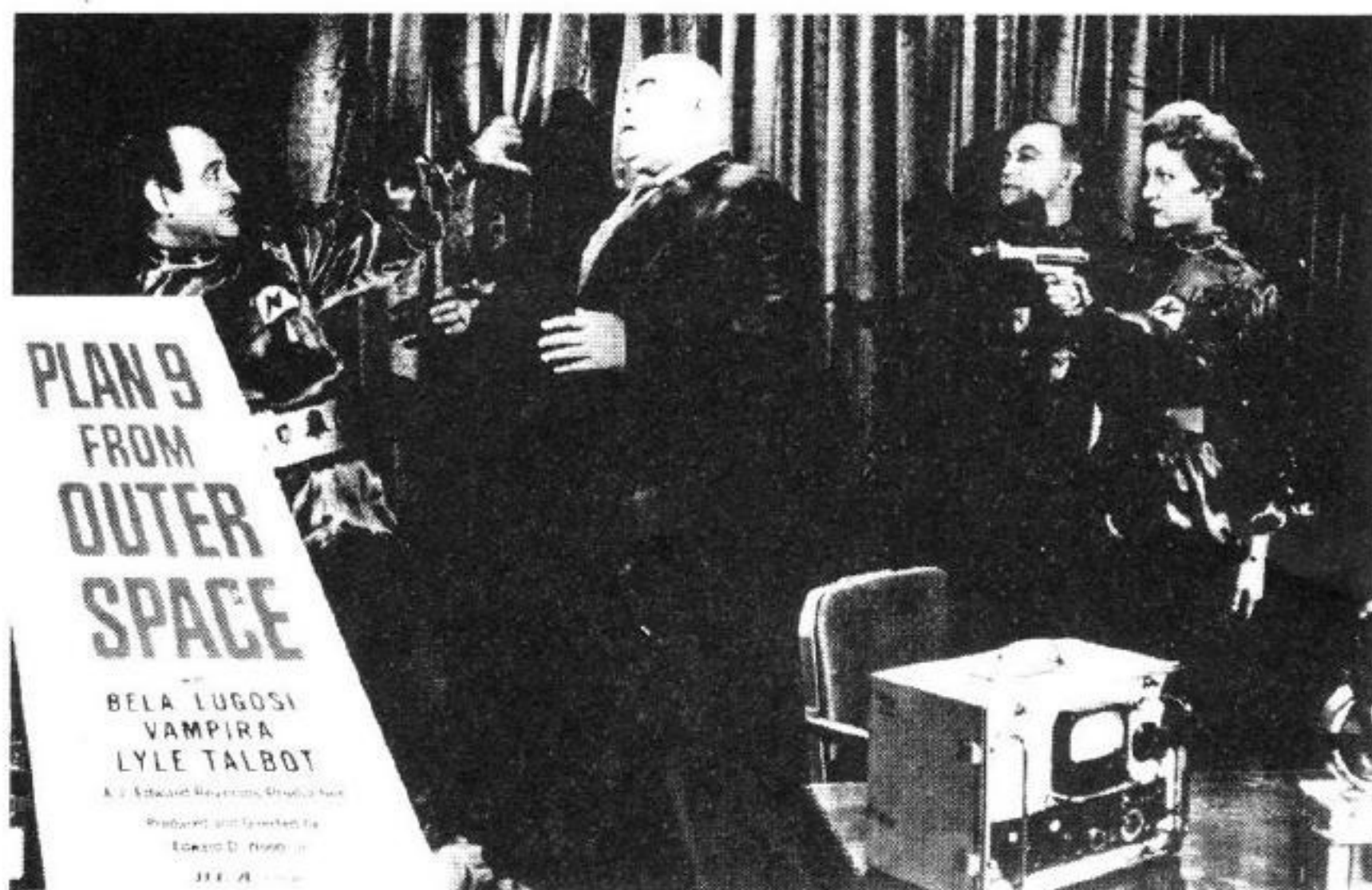
A 12-year-old Johnny Legend sports his home-made Saucerman head.

Blaisdell for *Invasion of the Saucermen*. This particular night, we decided to "field test" our creation and went out prowling the streets of San Fernando with our full-head mask. One irate family man burst from his home, chased us for several blocks and finally cornered us with a large kitchen knife. At the last possible moment, we convinced him we were just a couple of kids fooling around. Relieved, he admitted that he thought we had "just landed" and had been prepared to "slice us to ribbons."

The next day, to our total surprise, Rizzi and I received an invitation from Forrest Ackerman to attend a 1st Annual meeting of fans and film folk at the original old Ackermansion.

A few weeks later saw two punk kids from San Fernando, Saucerman-head in tow, arriving on the doorsteps of 935 So. Sherbourne Drive. Forry himself greeted us out in front, took a liking to our "saucerhead" and placed it on the front lawn to greet arriving guests at this historic gathering. My young friend and I, our egos fueled to the max, ambled in to Forry's place and leisurely spent the afternoon hob-knobbing and rubbing elbows with the likes of Ed Wood, Jr., Ib Melchior, Ray (Mr. Sardonicus) Russell, Martin Varno, Bjo Trimble and several dozen invited fans.

Rumors ran rampant, but towards early evening they came true—as we all stared at the door, along came Tor. Immediately the center of attraction, Tor stood patiently by, signing autographs, posing for stills and fielding questions. In person, Tor spoke in a soft, husky manner retaining the thick Swedish accent which made his rare moments of on-screen dialogue so memorable. Along with the other fans on hand, my mind was reeling with questions: Why did certain scenes in *Plan 9 From Outer Space* take place at the San Fernando cemetery? For that matter, what was the current plight of



Lobby card for Edward D. Wood's ultimate triumph.

Plan 9 or its sequel *Night of the Ghouls*—both of which had received coverage in the horror mags but had never been released in Los Angeles, or anywhere else as far as we could tell. What about the even-more current *Beast of Yucca Flats*? I even sizzled Tor's ears with the startling revelation that I had been in the audience during his surprise appearance at the Towne Theatre a couple of years back. "Impressed," but besieged by throngs of fans, Tor's attentions were diverted and a few precious moments later he was gone.

Dateline 1962. Now in junior high school, word trickles down to me from reliable sources that Tor has been spotted entering a parked car on the corner of Lazard and 5th street, a residential intersection in San Fernando directly around the block from where I lived. From that day on, I made it a point to re-route my walk home from school to include a pass of this particular corner. After several anxious months, my vigilance paid off. There, sure enough, crossing the lawn of the corner house was none other than Tor Johnson.

Before he could enter his parked car, I barged up and managed to engage Tor in a few minutes of conversation. Why was he on this street corner? Because his son, Karl Johnson, lived in the corner house. (Karl, it turned out, was a former Lieutenant on the San Fernando police force and allegedly made a cameo appearance in the yet-unreleased *Night of the Ghouls*.) What about that surprise appearance at the Towne Theatre back in '59? Tor just happened to be in the neighborhood, knew the guys who ran the theater, and decided to give the kids a thrill. Tor said he honestly was uncertain of the current state of both Ed Wood films (*Plan 9* and *Night of*) and ditto for *Beast of Yucca Flats*. After some informal chatter, Tor thanked me for my interest and

drove off.

A couple more years pass and I was in my first semester of high school. I was seated in class next to an Amazon-sized blonde named Annika Johansson. One day she got to talking about her relatives and mentioned that she was related to Ingemar Johansson, one-time famous World's Heavyweight boxing champion from Sweden. When I proved to be only mildly impressed, she added that she was also the niece of an "actor." "You may not ever have heard of him," she said, "but his name's Tor Johnson." As I sat there incredulous, all she could add was "I think he lives somewhere around here."

Next stop, 1965. One day around dusk some local kid came spilling crazily up my driveway on his Schwinn. His message was brief: "I think I seen Tor sittin' at some junk store on San Fernando Road!" The next day after school, my friends and I manned our bikes and started the long trek up to where the sighting occurred. This time we were prepared, armed with photos, magazines and various artifacts of Tor-trivia. After huffing and puffing for several miles we reached our destination—as promised, one open-air junk store; as promised, seated in a fold-up chair, one Tor Johnson. After the initial salutations and autograph session, we wanted some hard facts. Why is Tor at the junk store? Is this Tor's store? As it turned out, Tor came down to the store to sit, relax and shoot the breeze with the locals. He happened to live just around the corner. At long last, Tor casually gave us his Lakeside Avenue address (the actual shooting location for Lugosi's final footage as in *Plan 9*.)

Allowing a reasonable grace period (about 24 hours), my friends and I then embarked on the first of what came to be known over the years as "Trips to Tor." Traveling by bicycle (and in later



Tor shares a chilling scene from *Plan 9* with the classic horror host, Vampira.



Bride of the Monster—the first teaming of Tor Johnson and Edward D. Wood.

years actual automobiles) we would invade the sanctity of Lobo's domain every few weeks or months. Tor lived simply and quietly in this modest track house with his wife Greta. At the guarantee of sounding cliché, Tor was sweet, gentle and quite unassuming considering his formidable presence. He possessed a wry, understated wit usually reflected in a few brief words and a wink of the eye. Tor was not given to prolonged, soul-searching conversations, rather he preferred to sit back with a pleasant smile watching the world go by. He seemed to take everything in stride, including his wrestling and acting careers, and even our occasional "good-natured" mimicry—"Tor sign autograph?" Tor enjoyed the antics of his "contemporaries," particularly the ultra-low-budget techniques employed by Ed Wood. Tor loved to hold his arm up to his nose, performing an imitation of Dr. Tom Mason who worked as stand-in for the remaining scenes of *Plan 9* after Lugosi's death. As Tor put it: "They used this skinny guy two feet shorter than Bela." When asked whatever happened to *Plan 9* and *Night of the Ghouls*, Tor would shrug and say "Who the hell gonna put that out?" Tor also got a kick reflecting on the layout of the original Ackermansion (for those of you never fortunate enough to experience it, Forry's monolithic collection of mags, stills, books, etc. were heaped from floor to ceiling along the walls of virtually every room in the house) or as Tor used to say: "You can't see the walls through all that crap!"

Moving later into the 60's, it gradually dawned on us that Tor had not done any filmwork outside of a few cameos on television (such as the *Red Skelton Show*) for several years. We questioned Tor: "Yeah, they ask me to do that show again but want to pay me nothing!" That was that.

To be remembered, each and every visit to the Johnson household was cli-

maxed by a generous serving of the traditional Sherbet ice cream. When the time came, Tor would simply say, "Greta, let's have some Sherbet..." We would then each in turn be served, enjoy our repast, then quietly file out until the next visit.

One afternoon at Tor's, I was lazing back idly in the kitchen when suddenly I spotted something in the backyard. It was crusty and dirt-covered. Under further scrutiny, I could see it was definitely a coffin. Tor shrugged, "Oh yeah, that's from *The Unearthly*." For some reason he couldn't remember, the producers had given Tor the coffin after the film finished shooting. As far as Tor was concerned the thing was "an old piece of junk, been meaning to throw it out." Seeing the bewilderment in my eyes, Tor added, "If you want it, go ahead and take it." Within a matter of micro-minutes I bicycled home and returned with my parents' station wagon to pick up the coffin.

On another afternoon, Tor reflected on his friendship and years of travelling with Bela Lugosi. His most vivid memory centered around one night he and Lugosi were on a barn-storming tour of small towns to promote *The Black Sleep*. Bunking together in the upper floors of a cheap hotel room, Tor recalls that Bela was at his lowest spiritual ebb, deeply depressed and suicidal, continuously muttering that he "just wanted to die." Growing weary of Bela's constant whining, Tor snatched him roughly by the collar and held him dangling from their hotel room several stories above street-level. "Is this what you want, you miserable Hunkie?" Tor demanded. Lugosi finally came to his senses and admitted he wanted to live, at which time Tor hauled him back in to safety.

As the 60's drew to a close, the outward appearance of both myself and my friends began to change. Our hair grew longer as our manner of dress grew shabbier. Greta became increas-

ingly suspicious and wary of our visits. On one afternoon, a confrontation occurred. Greta, shaking her head, told Tor he shouldn't be seen hanging around with a bunch of "deadbeats and draft dodgers." Tor mulled this over for a moment, then spoke: "Shut up and get the Sherbet!" He watched sternly as she retreated to the kitchen, then looked over to us. He grinned slightly, then winked.

A year had passed since I'd seen Tor. A friend of mine who had once been a kid came by: "You're not gonna believe this, but I think I just saw Tor selling Christmas trees around the corner." I strolled around to the intersection of Hubbard and Glenoaks to a vacant lot across from Boy's Market. There indeed was Tor situated in a fold-up chair, overseeing a full lot of Xmas trees. Towards the rear, Tor had a trailer parked where he and Greta lived while the trees were being sold. Tor and I talked over old times. Not exactly high school buddies, we still had each put in a lot of time in this dusty old Mission city. I wished Tor the best of luck, he wished me the same. As I was leaving, Tor apologized for not having any Sherbet on hand.

Into the 70's. I had lived away from San Fernando for a couple of years. I was at an all-day Alfred Hitchcock marathon at the Chinese Theater. I spotted Forrest Ackerman and stopped him in the aisle: "Forry, you may not remember me, but I'm a friend of Tor Johnson's, only I haven't seen or heard anything from him for the past year or so..." Forry stood immediately erect and somberly stated: "On May 12, 1971, the gentle giant, Mister Tor Johnson, passed away."

I nodded and went down the aisle, not knowing what the hell to feel. A couple of overzealous horror fans came running alongside me, breathlessly asking "What did Forry say?" All I could think to say was, "No more Sherbet."

Doug White and Makeup Effects Lab

The Makeup Effects Artist for Friday the 13th Part III—In 3D Talks About Creating Jason's Bloody Exploits and his Career in the Effects Field.

By David Everitt

The *Friday the 13th* movies elicit strong reactions from both their offended critics and their devoted fans, but the one thing that most people will agree upon is that these box-office-champ splatter pictures require considerable special makeup expertise to shoot the notorious slaughter scenes that are the trademark of the series. For the latest entry, *Friday the 13th Part III—In 3D*, Doug White and his Makeup Effects Lab follow in the gruesome footsteps of Tom Savini and Carl Fullerton to bring gore fans more of the authentic-looking carnage that they crave.

Doug White founded Makeup Effects Lab in North Hollywood with his partners Allan Apone and Peter Knowlton about three years ago. Since that time, Frank Carrisoa replaced Knowlton as the third partner, and the company has taken on many movie assignments that include such pictures as *Evilspeak*, *The Sword and the Sorcerer* and *Parasite*. The outfit is actually made up of three companies: Fantasy Creations, which deals with props, miniatures and re-

lated special effects; Makeup Effects Products, through which the three partners sell their own makeup products to distributors; and the special makeup division, Makeup Effects Lab. With a wide range of skills at his disposal, White finds that he lands straight special effects jobs that may involve breaking through doors or shattering panes of glass (as was the case with *Parasite*) just as often as he hires himself out for pure makeup tasks (as he and his partners did on *Evilspeak*). In some cases, as on *The Sword and the Sorcerer*, White's versatile company may be called upon to engineer both special makeup and physical effects.

White has been developing his array of talents on a professional basis since 1972. For two-and-a-half years he worked as an assistant to makeup man Byrd Holland on commercials, several episodes of TV's *In Concert* series, and such little-remembered independent features as *Terror Circus*. Holland then introduced White to Joe Blasco (see FANGORIA numbers 20 and 21) with whom the young makeup artist worked on the infamous *Ilse*, *She-Wolf of the S.S.* During this early period of his ca-

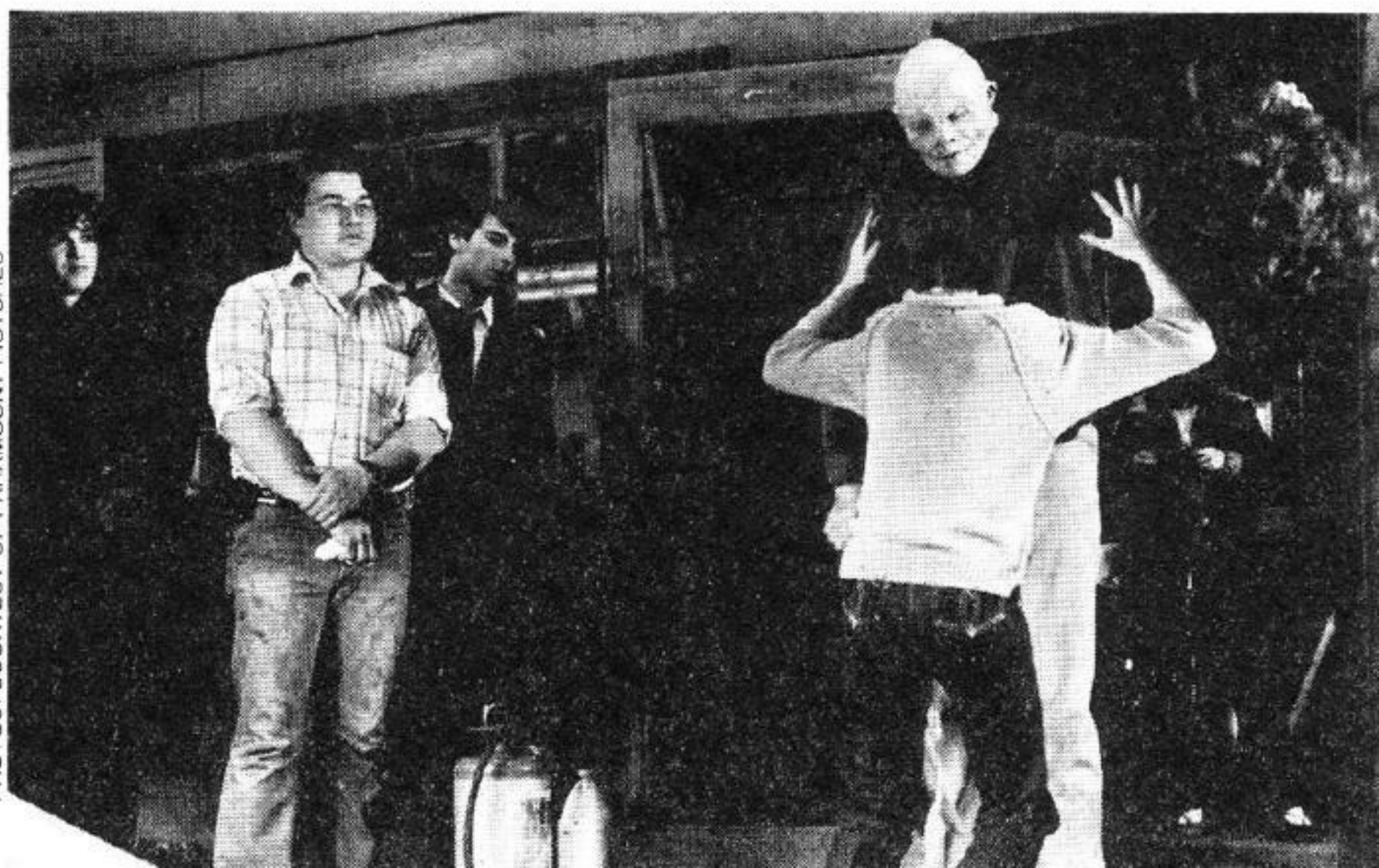
reer, White says "most of my work was heavy character makeup or facial buildup. At that time I was not really doing any appliances. When I was working with Byrd I was dealing more with character makeup, really just doing stuff out of my case, whereas when I worked with Joe, when we did *She-Wolf*, we did gelatin buildups on the face. Joe had a special technique for buildups using gelatin which was really interesting. I learned a lot."

Following his stint with Blasco, White took a hiatus from the movie business to work some things out for himself. "At the time," recalls White, "I wasn't really familiar with all the people in the business. I figured my contacts were with Byrd and Joe. I went without work for almost two months after *She-Wolf*; I needed to make some money and nothing was happening with either Byrd or Joe right then. Had I kept in contact with Joe, I might've been able to go up with him to do *They Came From Within* with Cronenberg. As it was, I just needed to get myself straightened out, to settle down, and be in a position where, if something came up, I could do it. And it took

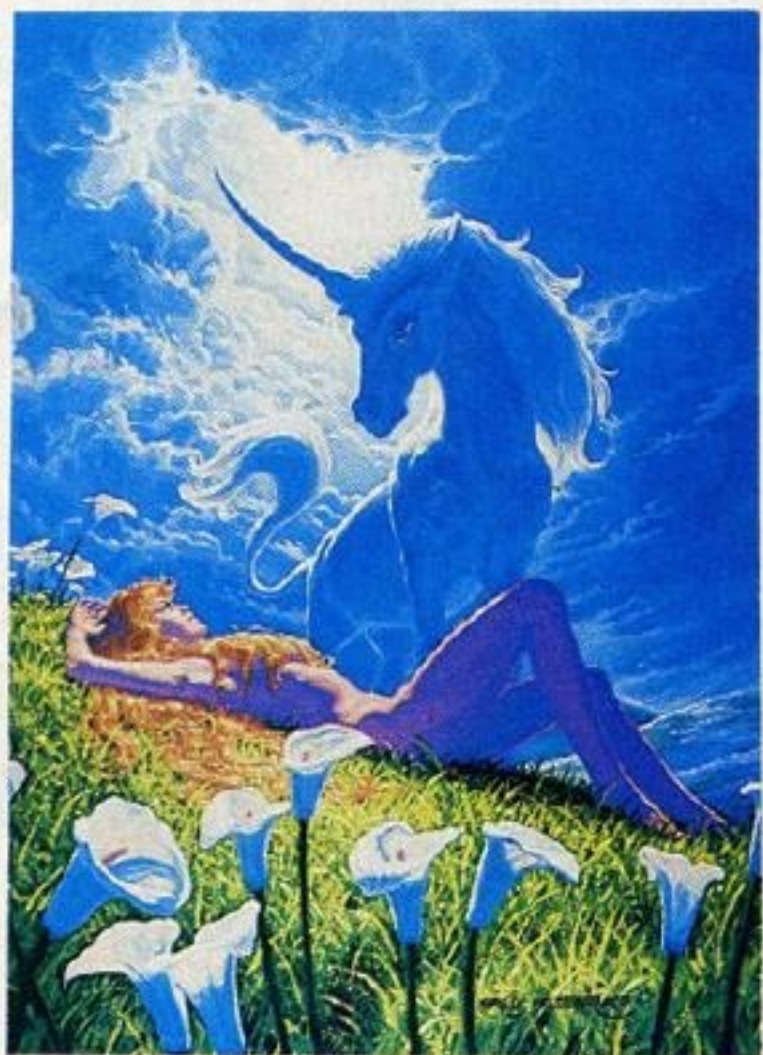
Left : Allen Apone prepares the special makeup head gear for a decapitation scene. Below: Doug White (with glasses) and producer Frank Mancuso, Jr. look on as the gear is put to use by the murderous Jason.



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three-and-a-half, four years to do that."

White kept his hand in the business during this period with an occasional production job while ostensibly working full-time for a pipe and tobacco company. White remembers, "I was the sickest person working there, due to the fact that I was always calling in sick in order to do a movie or something. I would do a commercial for two days and come back, until the next job."

An important development in White's career occurred when he and his future partner Allan Apone worked with Tom Burman in 1979 on John Frankenheimer's *Prophecy*. Through his association with Burman, White met Stan Winston and assisted him both on his unrealized *Overlords* project and on the Wookies for the holiday *Star Wars* TV special. Another result of White's working friendship with Burman was the inspiration to strike out on his own. He and Apone were so impressed by Burman's independent makeup studio set-up that they decided they should establish a studio of their own. By the middle of 1979 this ambition began to be realized.

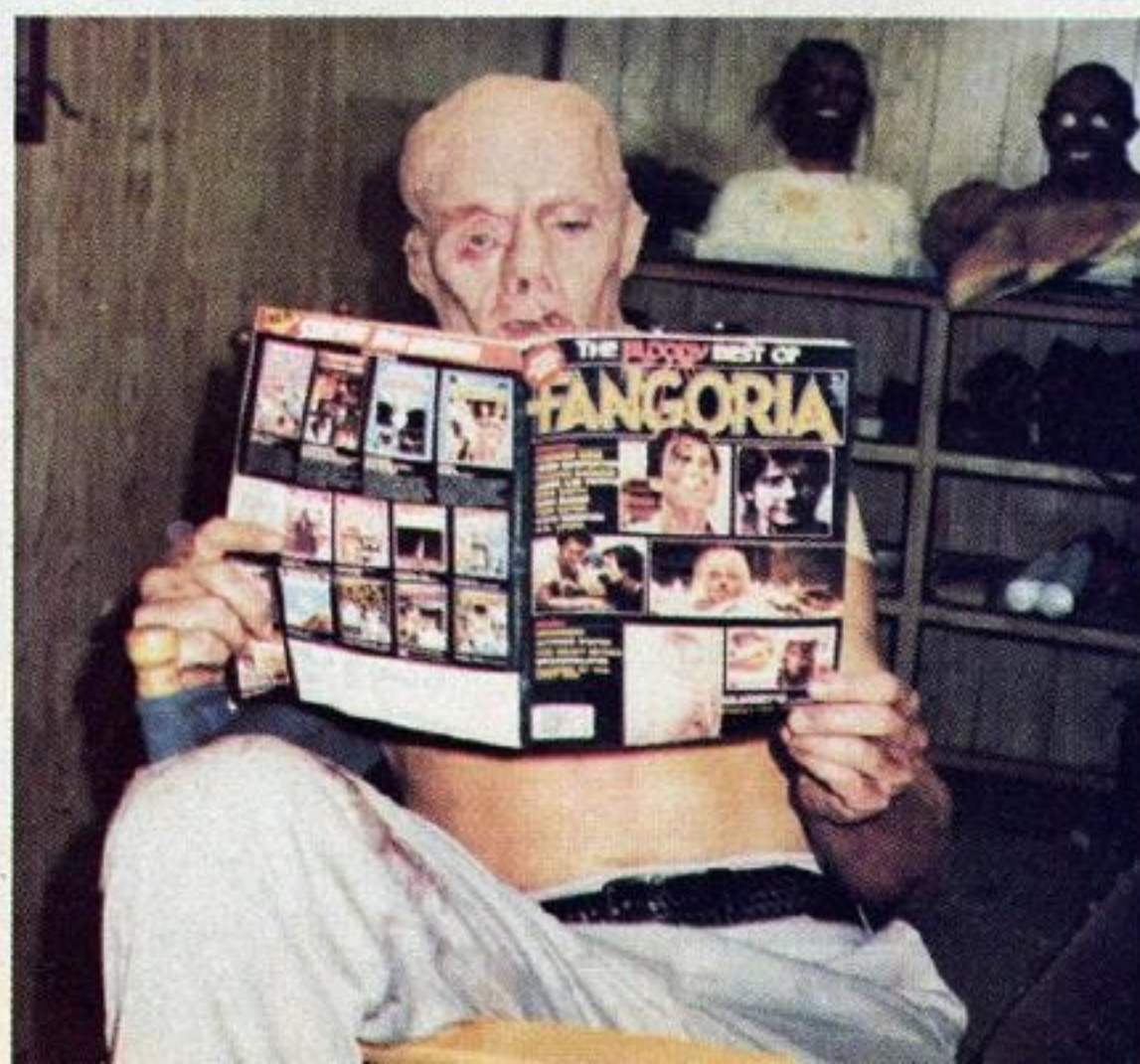
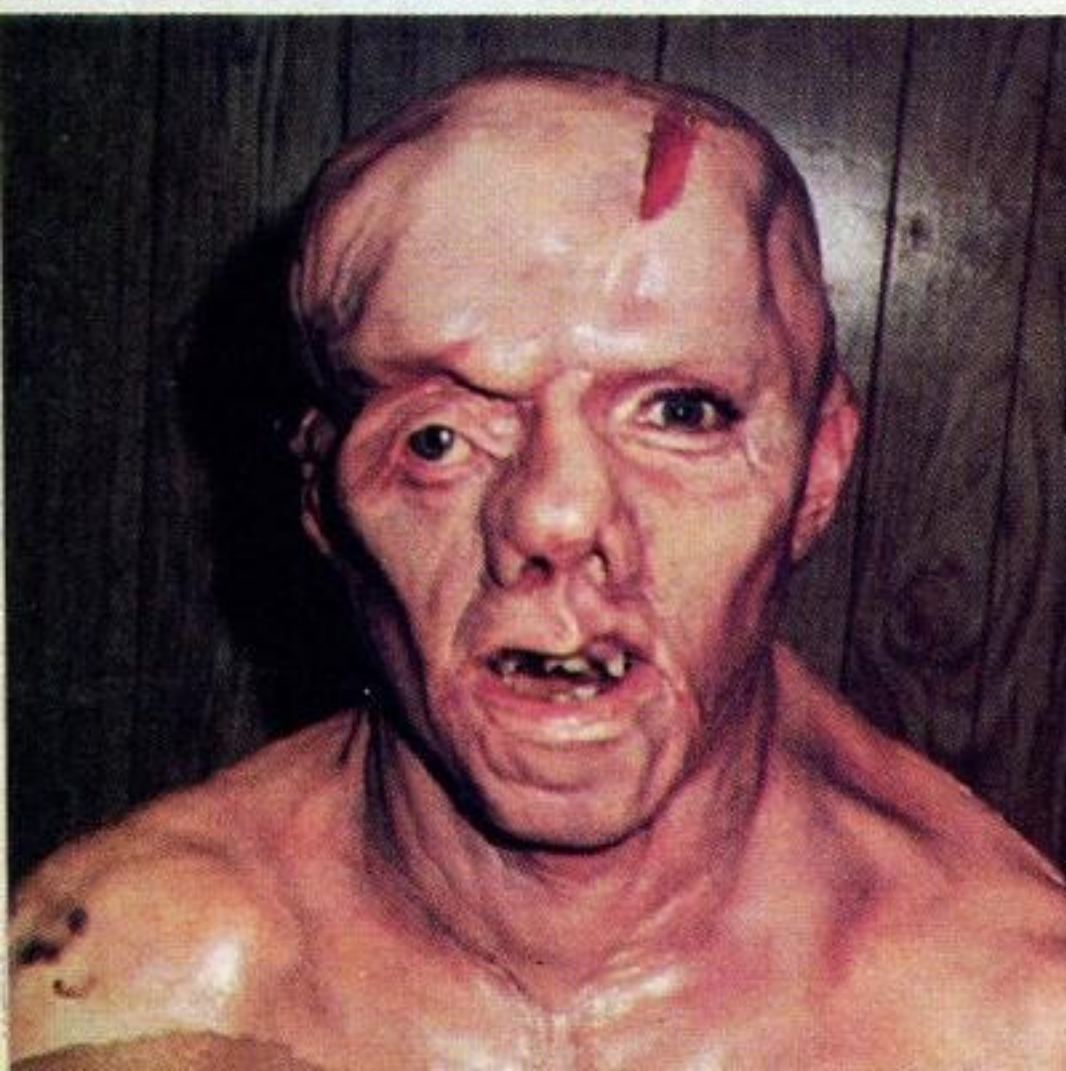
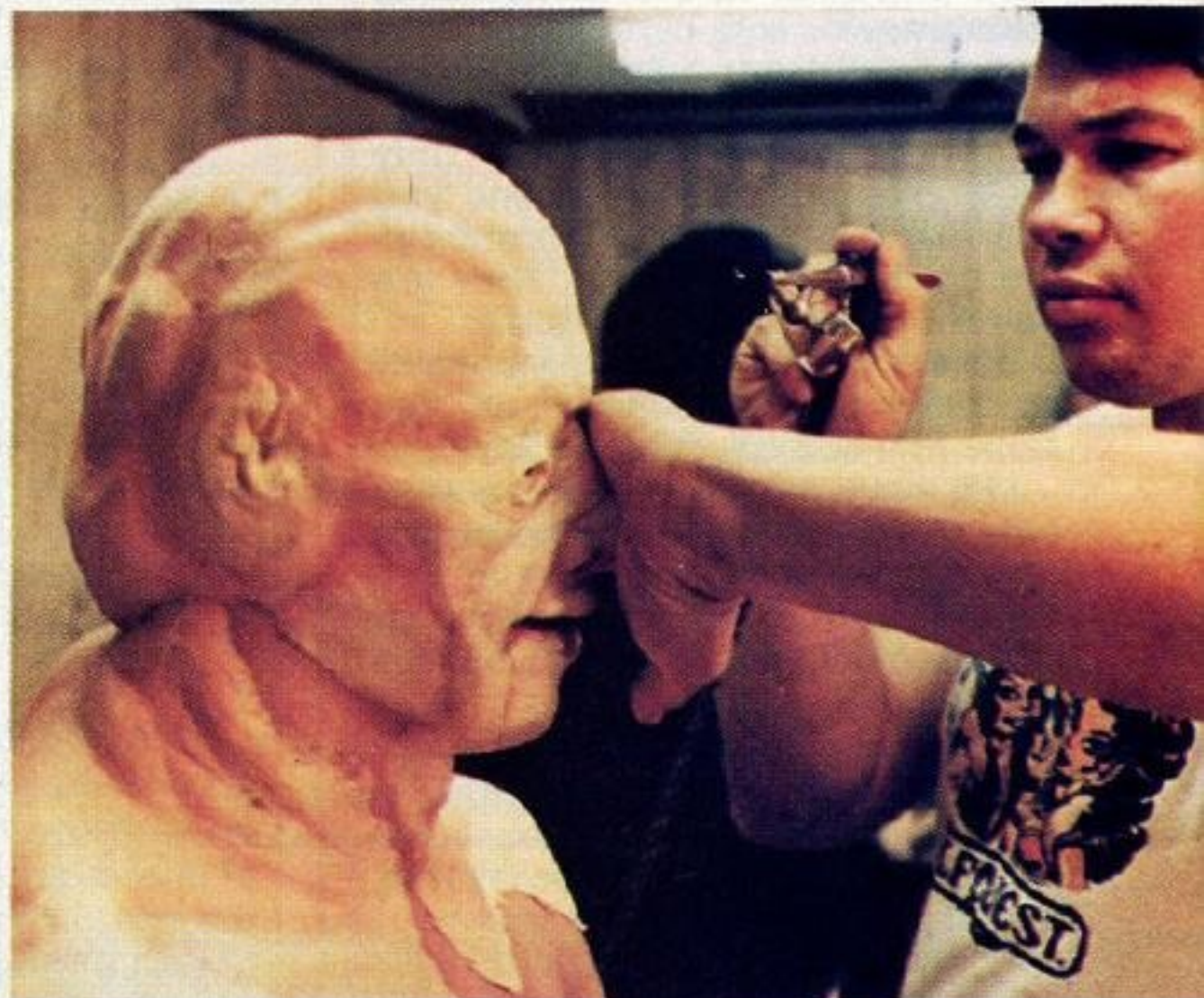
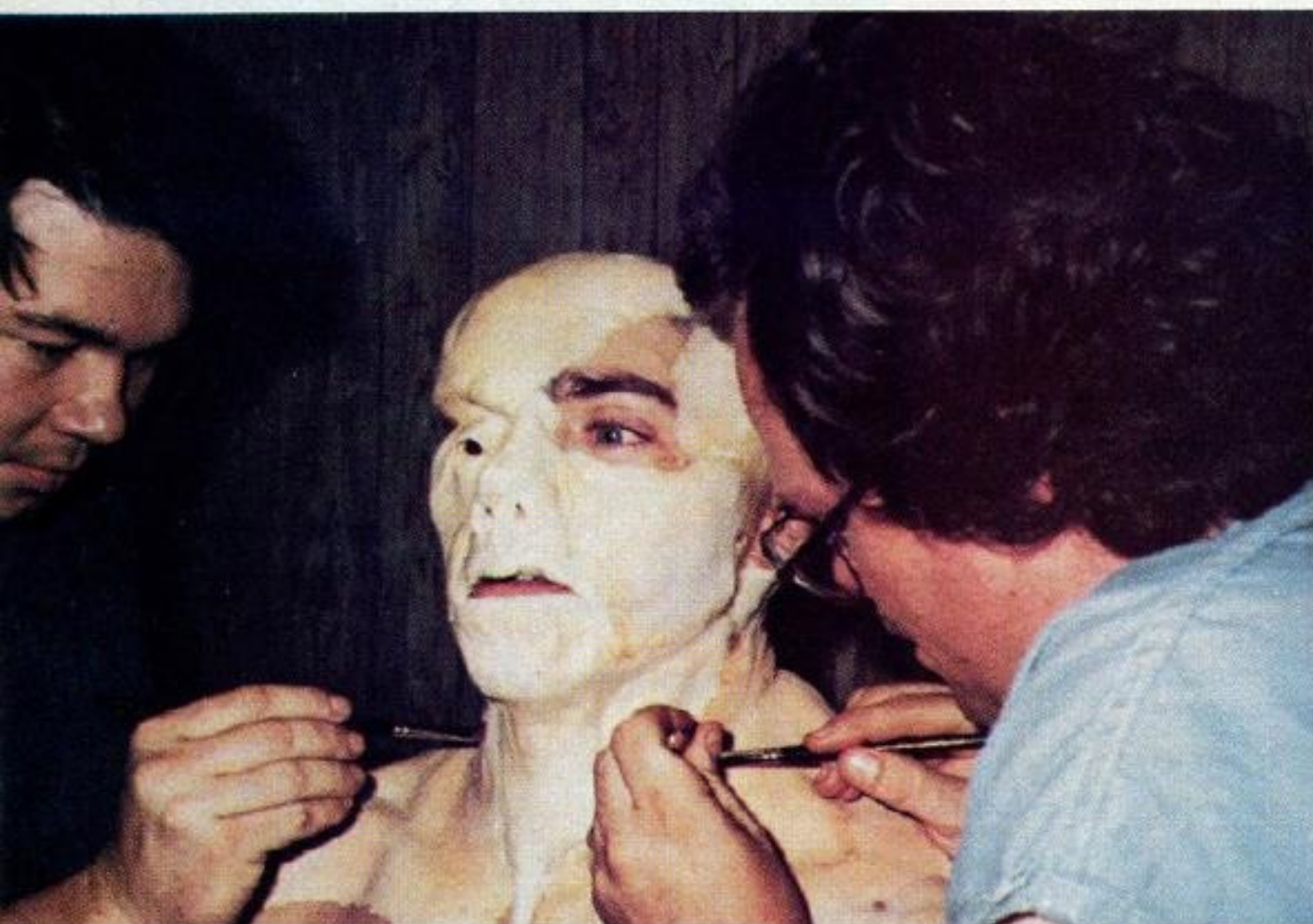
Friday the 13th Part III—In 3D may be the most prominent display for Make-

up Effects Lab's technical expertise. *Friday the 13th* films are never short on grisly murders and each one requires some extreme makeup effects. For *Friday the 13th Part III*, victims get cleavers in the head, knitting needles through the back of the head and out through the mouth, spears through the eye, red hot pokers through the torso, and machetes through the entire body. For the especially bloodthirsty, there is also a scene of a young man getting the side of his head crushed and his eyeball popped out. Certainly enough to keep any makeup effects team busy, and any viewer either miserably or ecstatically nauseous.

Some of the most gruesome sequences were trimmed by the makers of the picture to avoid difficulties with the MPAA further down the road. Recalling problems with the first sequel, the hot poker and the spear scenes were cut to make them somewhat less graphic. In the latter scene, one of the most dramatic 3D bits in the picture, the unstoppable Jason fires a spear gun some 100 to 150 feet away from the camera and the viewer can see the spear coming at him for the entire distance. The spear then lodges itself in Vera's eye. According to White, "They

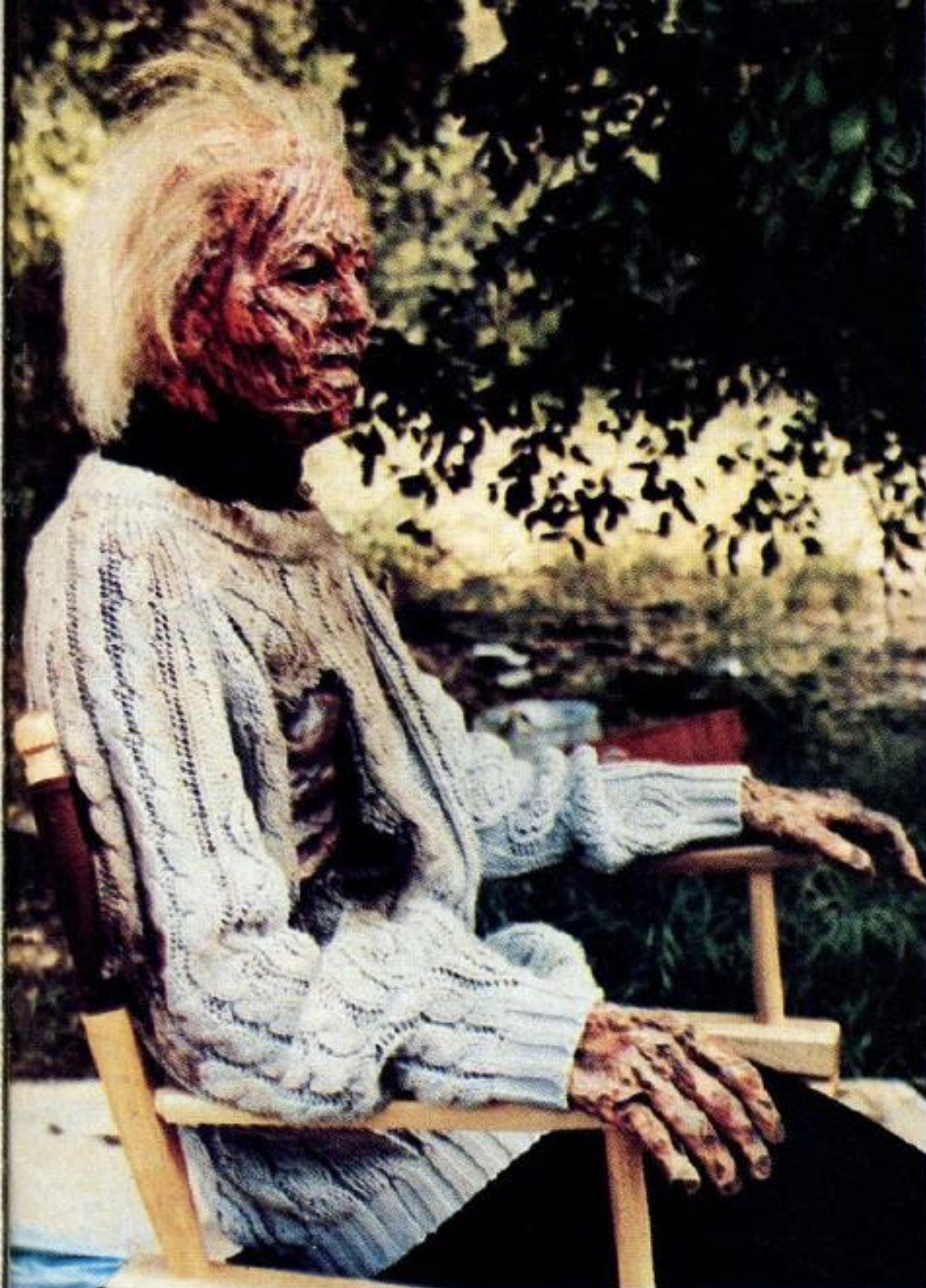
did a side shot of her taking a reaction upon impact and falling back into the water, and then they cut to her turning sideways with the tip of the spear coming toward the camera for the 3D effect. But they cut out the reaction because they said it looked too good." As a result of this and similar cuts, once the picture was delivered to the MPAA, director Steven Miner only had to go back to the editing bench once as opposed to the eight cuts required by the ratings board on *Friday the 13th Part II*.

In one of the most horrifying scenes in *Friday the 13th Part III*, a character named Andy walks down a hallway on his hands and Jason sneaks up behind him with a machete and chops him in half. White and his crew planned on some elaborate devices for this murder but they didn't quite pan out. White explains, "We wanted to make an entirely mechanical doll of Andy but it didn't turn out that way. Instead, we made a foam dummy that was suspended from the ceiling and it was already split in half and held together by velcro. Marty Becker [the special effects man] had the wires going up to the ceiling to a quick disconnect device. From there he just activated it when the machete came through and the de-



Doug White applies the extensive makeup that transforms Richard Brooker into Jason the slaughter-master, the third makeup version of this mainstay of the *Friday the 13th* series. Left: Jason improves his mind with some first-rate reading.

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF DOUG WHITE



Above: The Makeup Effects Lab's rendition of Mrs. Voorhees. Above Right: Apone works on the puppet head for the notorious eye-popping sequence. Right: The Makeup Effects Lab partners beside one of their creations for *Evilspeak*. From left to right, Frank Carrisosa, Allan Apone and Doug White.

vice released the legs first and then the hips."

The most challenging killing for White and company to engineer was the scene of the young man getting his head crushed, followed immediately by the victim's eye popping out and flying toward the camera in 3D. White's first thoughts on the eyeball action was to fire it out of the false head with compressed air, but there was no way to control the eye so that it would fly directly toward the camera. White's second idea was to put the eye on the end of a rod which ran through the back of the head. The head blocked the manipulation of the rod from the camera's view, but the double right-left view of the 3D system would have revealed the rod. "The third way," explains White, "which was the way we finally did it in the show, was that we had a monofilament wire, attached to the side of the head to a sheet of clear plastic with a hole drilled through the center which

was between the two lenses. You'll never see the wire. Then they had a jerk-line which traveled up the same wire, through the eyeball and the socket. When they go through Jason's motions of crushing the head, the puppet head's mouth opens screaming, and on the right cue I pulled the lever for the head to collapse. The head was designed in such a way out of fiberglass that it looked like a jigsaw puzzle from the inside, so that when I pulled the lever the entire side of the head collapsed and Marty pulled the eye out of the socket at the same time."

This spectacular scene of violence is one of the two things in *Friday the 13th Part III* that White is particularly pleased with. The other task was the creation of the killer Jason's makeup, a job that was completed within some tight time limitations. White says, "We'd already been working on the show for almost 10 weeks when they came up to me to do the makeup for Jason. I had to

create Jason's makeup in a week. I sculpted the prototype in a day, got the OK the next day, did my touch-ups on the sculpture, then cut it up for the making of appliances. After that we did the first makeup, then Steve mentioned he wanted to change some of the appliances. I didn't have to change the entire look of it, just some of the pieces, so I did those changes the next week."

For the third time in as many movies, Jason was given a new grotesque look. White explains that the original idea for *Friday the 13th Part III* was to make the new Jason makeup a conglomeration of the first two incarnations. "Steven liked a little of both of them," he says. "He wanted to lean a little more to the Tom Savini version, but I took a little bit of both the Tom Savini and Carl Fullerton Jasons to come up with the new look. Steve didn't want me to lean that much to the look Carl had gotten, which was before *Elephant Man*. He wanted more

of a mutated look."

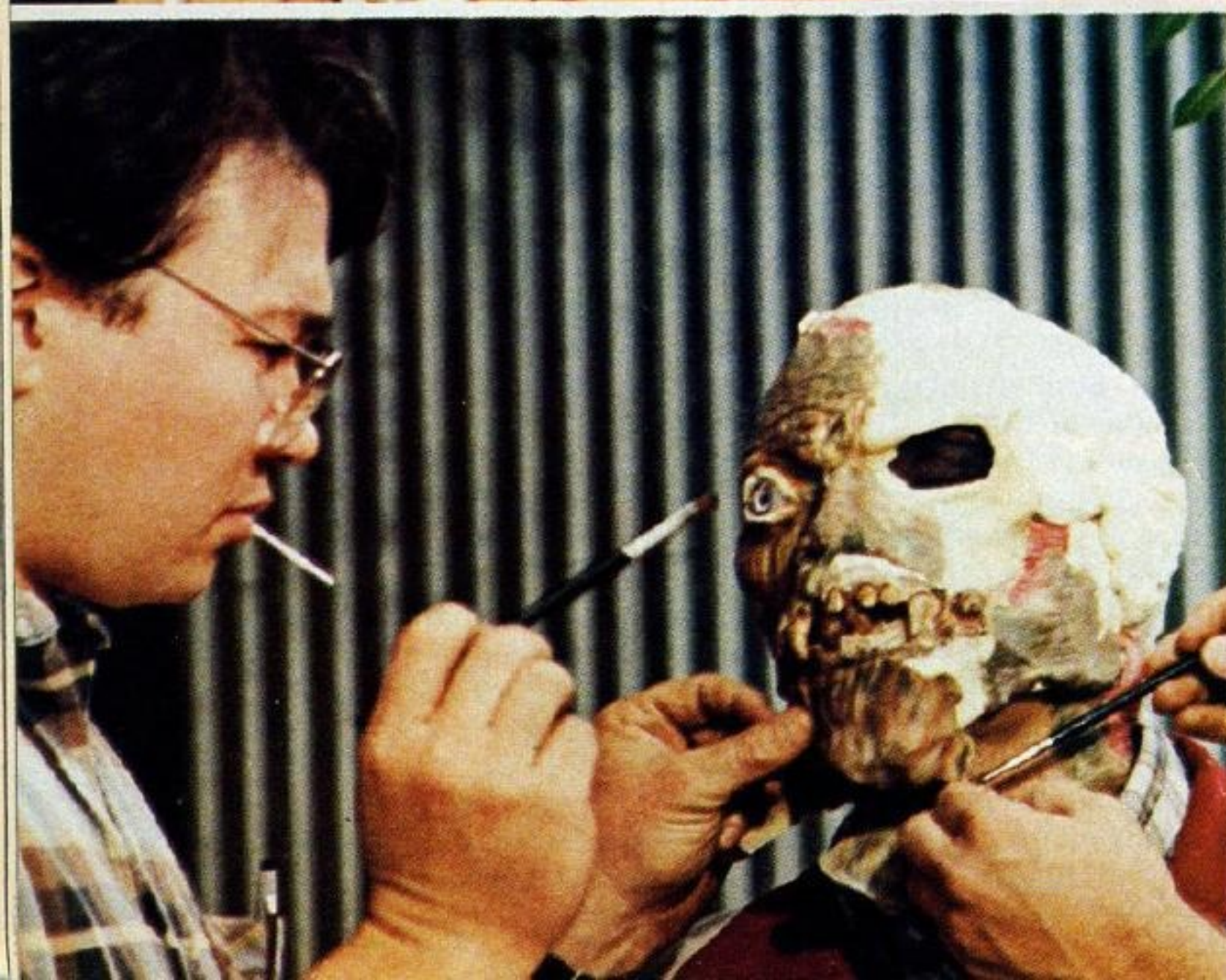
Now that he has a definitive slaughter picture under his belt, is White satisfied with creating gore effects? "Boy, I've been doing them ever since I got started," replies the makeup man. "And even before then I was always interested with that aspect of makeup. But I do like a change every once in a while, doing a fantasy makeup or two, creating some aliens or what-not. Gore effects happen to be our cup of tea for the moment, that's what we usually get paid to do."

Some interesting projects involving Makeup Effects Lab will be in release in the near future. Allan Apone has just finished a picture called *The Rats* that was filmed in Toronto. White points out, "It's a show with an unusual cast of 40 dachshunds playing 40 rats. Here in the lab we created the designs for 40 rat costumes for the dogs, and they also have about 26 hand puppets and two mechanical insert heads which are double the usual size for closeup work.

That one's due out for Halloween." Other upcoming projects will be *X-Ray* with Barbi Benton, and *Butcher, Baker, Nightmare Maker* (see *Monster Invasions*, FANGORIA #17). An especially intriguing picture is a 12-minute film called "Demon Shock" which is designed to be shown in a 180-degree format for showings at amusement parks. "They shoot the entire film through a fish-eye lens," White says, "which makes it distorted if you look at the film, but it is then projected through a fish-eye lens onto a domed ceiling; it's got this wraparound look. There's some extensive makeup in there, non-stop appliance work. The main actor in the film wears a special makeup; they begin the show with a girl going through the graveyard and he comes out of the grave as a corpse; half his face is a skull and the other half is decomposed flesh. As he goes through the show, the next stage is just the eyes in the sockets with the skull and no skin, and then there's no eyes in the

sockets at all. He wears anywhere between 12 and 20 appliance pieces everytime we made him up. There are a total of 16 or 17 theaters in the United States with this 180-degree format in amusement parks and there are another 200 or so across Europe. The producers probably won't have the film totally booked until the beginning of next year."

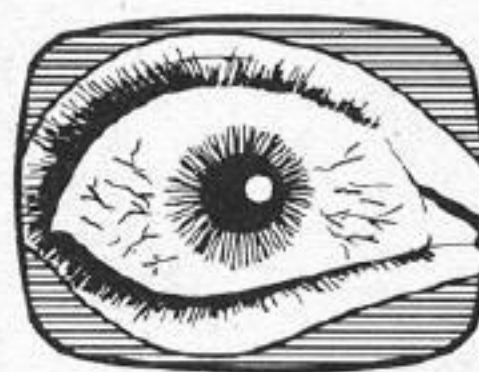
When he is not creating bloody makeup effects, White's versatility allows him to do other things, such as straight physical effects, which he has done recently on Charles Band's upcoming picture *The Alchemist*. He feels that "makeup effects bridges all the gaps. Either you're doing straight makeup or you're doing mechanical makeup effects or you're doing straight mechanical effects. I'm one of those types of people who just don't want to stay in one spot. I like the idea of being versatile. I enjoy the entire field of effects work. I'm not going to pigeonhole myself." 



Behind the scenes of the 180-degree-format picture "Demon Shock". Above left: Michael Mills applies cannibal-monster head onto Doug White. Below left: White works on ghoulish makeup for actor Ray Lietkin. Above: Teres Nickols checks the ghoulish costume.

The Doctor is authorized to say whatever he wants. His opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine, its staff or its publishers. All video cassettes are available by mail order from Marshall Discount Video Service.

THE VIDEO EYE OF DR. CYCLOPS

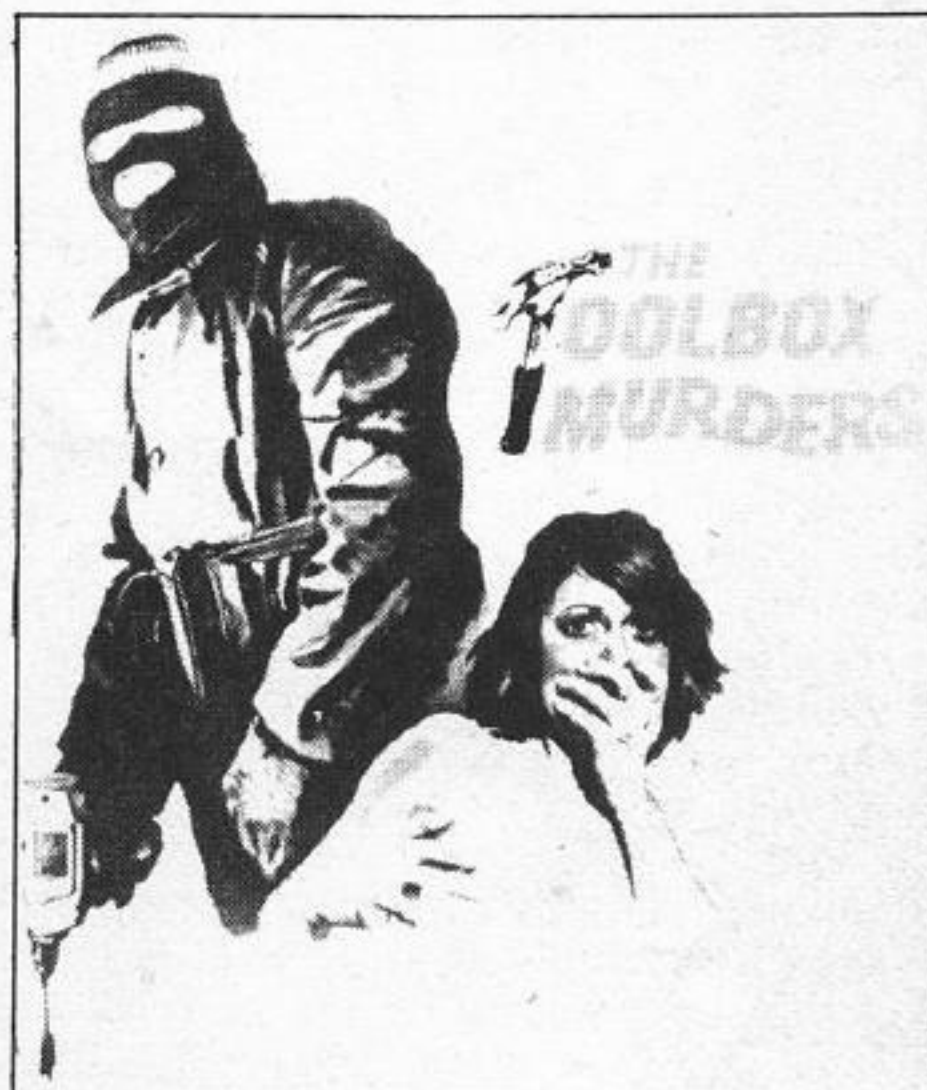


FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER (WARNER HOME VIDEO): With this film, director Roger Corman made the transition in 1960 from quickie sci-fi thrillers to atmospheric gothic horror. Seen today, in the context of recent no-holds-barred shock epics, *Fall of the House of Usher* offers a satisfying change of pace in horror movie tactics. The movie takes its time in getting started and in establishing a macabre mood, rather than trying to blow the viewer out of his seat in the first five minutes, and the eeriness builds consistently with each scene.

A young man in 19th century New England rides through a blighted forest to reach the decaying mansion of Roderick Usher where the young man intends to collect Roderick's sister, his fiancée. Usher lives under a family curse of madness and evil that leaves him incapable of tolerating any normal stimuli of light, sound and taste, and he insists that his sister is also under the cruel Usher influence. When Usher's sister dies under mysterious circumstances, the final ruination of the Usher clan begins. Although the film takes liberties with the original Edgar Allan Poe story, it still captures the unsettling essence of Poe's obsessions about self-consuming madness and premature burial. In the role of the agonizingly hyper-sensitive Roderick Usher, Vincent Price gives one of his best performances, exercising much more restraint than usual, and, in his snow-white hair and long frock coats, presents an appropriately tormented and sometimes ominous figure. Gore movie fans may find this movie lacking something, such as squashed eyeballs and head explosions, but classical horror buffs will want to have this video cassette handy.

TOOLBOX MURDERS (VIDEO COMMUNICATIONS INC.): I don't understand ... in *Gorilla At Large* (1954), Cameron Mitchell got top billing over Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Lee Marvin and Raymond Burr. So what is he doing in this piece of 1979 garbage?

Actually I shouldn't speak too soon ... I'm sure a great many of our readers will gladly pay to see this one. The first 20 minutes or so offer a drill-killing, death by hammer-claw, and a particularly vicious sequence in which the killer pursues a young actress-model with a nail gun—he ultimately nails her head to the wall. All rather effectively portrayed, but somewhat lacking substance, if you get my drift. While fans of the *Friday the 13th* series should be quite pleased with these sequences, things get a tad slow further on, when the killer is revealed and he starts singing "Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child" to the teen



girl he's holding captive (he's no Rupert Holmes, frankly). Recommended only to dyed-in-the-wool fans of Cameron Mitchell and nail guns.

RABID (WARNER HOME VIDEO): When I've mentioned to Cronenberg fans that I particularly enjoyed *The Brood*, they all tend to say the same thing: "Oh, but you should see *Rabid*—that's his best." I beg to differ. Back when it took some nerve to say that you actually *liked* what Cronenberg does (just a few years ago), this film must have seemed very original and very daring. But—and this is no insult, it's to Cronenberg's credit—a lot of the "daring" elements of *Rabid* have since been picked up and elaborated upon by other filmmakers. As a result, the flabbergast-factor is somewhat diminished. The main theme—Marilyn Chambers' struggle to be normal despite an unspeakable deformity of the armpit—is a twisted Jekyll and Hyde tale, but not quite so twisted (nor as good-humored) as Henenlotter's *Basket Case*. And when Chambers' arm-pit parasite starts biting people, causing them to froth at the mouth and bite people, one can't avoid thinking of them as faster-moving versions of Romero's zombies in *Dawn of the Dead*.

This is not to say that *Rabid* doesn't pack a good wallop; but it's got the punch of a good exploitation flick, and doesn't really do much on the emotional level where *Scanners* does much of its work, and where *The Brood* resides totally. Of course, compared to the work of just about anyone else, it's a nifty movie, especially if you're interested in Marilyn Chambers' breasts, but I found it the least interesting of Cronenberg's films.

ALICE, SWEET ALICE (KING OF VIDEO): You probably don't have to have an Italian-Roman Catholic background to get a thrill out of this movie's audacity—but I'm sure it helps. All the Brooke Shields fans who saw this in its recent re-release (as *Unholy Communion*, "starring Brooke Shields") were probably quite disappointed at Brooke's early demise—and I'll bet many of those *Endless Love* fanatics were even more disturbed by the rest of the movie.

Linda Miller actually has the lead role, as a "disturbed" child who likes to lurk around in a mask and rain slicker when she's not hiding out in some corner of her basement. Shields appears fleetingly as her younger sister, who is murdered during a church service and her body set aflame (the service is disrupted when the smell of charred Brooke reaches the worshippers). Circumstantial evidence indicates that Miller may be the killer, causing a major rift in her extended family. Miller's aunt (who always loved Brooke better) accuses the child—and subsequently finds herself on the wrong end of a knife. Miller's divorced parents, having already lost one child, are reluctant to believe the aunt's accusations, so Dad goes off on his own hunt for the killer ...

What follows is the enjoyably shocking part, so it's best not to discuss it. The movie overall works as a bizarre blend of soap opera and psycho-killer movie (you even see a poster for *Psycho* in the background of one scene, with a large helping of Roman Catholic angst). Alfred Sole has shown himself to be a good director on several occasions—but sadly, this is the only time he'd started with a good script, written by Sole in collaboration with Rosemary Ritvo.

INTRODUCING ELVIRA!

In Part 2 Of Our Horror-Host Series, We Bring You The Sensational California Scream Queen.

By Dan Farren

The raven-haired beauty materializes in the foggy doorway. Her tight, black dress clings to her body. As she strikes a provocative pose, you notice her neckline gives new meaning to the word "plunging."

"Who is it?" she asks. "Oh, it's you darling." She begs you to come in.

"After all," she purrs, "I won't bite you and you're bound to have a good time, or my name isn't . . . ELVIRA!"

Week after week most of Southern California tunes into KHJ-TV Ch. 9's *Movie Macabre* and hears that familiar greeting. Twice a week, Saturdays at eight and Sundays at four, Elvira—Mistress of the Dark reclines upon a red velvet couch and hilariously dissects the week's movie. Since her debut in September 1981, she has taken Southern California by storm.

Cassandra Peterson, the beautiful redheaded actress who portrays Elvira, was surprised as everyone when her character became a smash hit.

"I never thought she'd be this popular," she says. "I thought it would be a kiddie's show or something."

While the show is popular with kids, it is the adult viewer who seems to enjoy the gags, sketches, and—oh yes—cleavage. Mix the aforementioned together and you can see why Peterson attributes Elvira's popularity to "sex and humor."

The sex and humor is most evident in one of *Movie Macabre's* most popular

segments—SACK TIME WITH ELVIRA. From time to time, Elvira reaches into her mailsack and answers questions from her fans.

"How far do you go on the first date?" wrote one viewer.

"I once went as far as Santa Barbara," replied Elvira.

Often Elvira is plagued by two of her least favorite people—Breather and Kindly Old Pops at the Gate. Breather (John Paragon) is a sweaty, tootsie-pop sucking, crank phone caller with thick glasses. He insists on addressing Elvira as "Elvirus" and once tried to reverse a pair of 3-D glasses so he could come through his TV into her lap. Pops (Tom Maxwell) on the other hand is always trying to make a buck at Elvira's expense. Charging a group of tourists an outrageous sum, the senile old guard tried to pass Elvira off as Yvonne De Carlo.

Guest stars sometimes turn up on the *Movie Macabre* set. When a TV-movie version of *Frankenstein* aired, Bo Svenson, who played the monster, showed up in character. After watching half the cast devoured in *Beware! The Blob!*, exercise guru Jack LaLanne bounded in to remind Elvira, "You are what eats you!" Frank Zappa's daughter MoonUnit sauntered in as Andrea Wilson—the Valley Girl.

"You know," said Elvira, "I'm a Valley Girl."

"Yeah," squealed Andrea, "Death Valley!"

The films that turn up on *Movie*

Macabre aren't what you call classics. Each week films like *The Thing With Two Heads*, *The House Of Seven Corpses*, and *The Incredible Melting Man* unspool only to be ripped to shreds by Elvira. Anyone who has ever sat through a turkey, howling at a horrible special effect or a bad line of dialogue, will find a kindred spirit in Elvira.

"We know most of the films we air are bad," says Peterson, "it's easier to pull humorous situations out of them."

And how does she feel about horror films.

"Well" she said, "the more I see, the less I like. No, I'm only joking. I like the old horror films, but we stay away from them on *Movie Macabre*. It would be hard to parody the classics, people love them so much."

The past year has been something of a blur for Peterson. Many people would consider her an overnight success. But as it is with many performers, Peterson has been practicing her craft for a while now. A Las Vegas showgirl at 17, she traveled to Europe to work as a singer and actress. While she was there, she appeared in *Fellini's Roma* for the legendary Italian director. When Peterson returned to the states, she toured in a nightclub act and became a member of The Groundlings, L.A.'s premiere improvisation group.

"I've done a lot of TV work," said Peterson. "*Happy Days*, *House Calls*, and *Fantasy Island*—usually as a showgirl or a Tina Louise type. I was a saloon girl in the opening credits of *Beyond*



Westworld, and I can be seen in the upcoming *Balboa* series. It's a little bit like *Dynasty* and *Dallas*."

In the movies Peterson can be seen as a maiden in distress in *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie* and as a nurse in the soon-to-be-released *Jekyll and Hyde—Together Again!*

When Peterson went to an audition for Elvira she found a room full of ghouls and other assorted monsters.

"Other girls came in for the test dressed as vampires," she recalls. "One of them even had her teeth capped to look like fangs." Since she was in her street clothes, Peterson figured she wouldn't have a chance at the part. But station manager Walt Baker liked Peterson's timing and comedy experience and made her his first choice for Elvira.

Larry Thomas was cast in the important role of writer-producer-director of *Movie Macabre*. Thomas had the perfect credentials—he had worked with the legendary Larry "Seymour" Vincent, one of L.A.'s most popular horror hosts. Thomas worked with Peterson on the Elvira character. She was to be more vamp than vampire—a little Mae West, a little Vampira, and a lot of Henny Youngman. Peterson describes her witty character as being "new wave" and a "weird girl who hangs out in L.A."

"Larry is really responsible for her

ELVIRA SINGS!

Yes, hear the horror hostess with the mostest vamp her way through a riveting version of her first and latest hit, "3-D TV (Three Dimensional)"! And, on side two, enjoy the eerie instrumentations of "Elvira's Theme," accompanied by the strange, unearthly laugh of KHJ-TV's scream queen!

This mini-maxi-supercharged 12" single offers nearly 4 full minutes of unparalleled musical entertainment! By special arrangement with Rhino records, we can have ELVIRA delivered straight to your door for the simply INCREDIBLE price of \$5.98 plus \$1.12 postage!

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Send cash, check, or money order to Elvira Sings! c/o Fangoria Magazine 475 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

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Cassandra Peterson, sans Elvira get-up, can be seen on the far left in this scene from the recent Robert Blake picture, *Coast to Coast*.

personality," says Peterson, "and a friend of mine, Robert Redding, designed the dress." The outfit has proved so popular that Fredricks of Hollywood, the world famous lingerie chain, may produce copies of it.

To prepare for each show, Peterson and Thomas screen the upcoming movie and work up 10 comedy spots. These breaks may feature skits, special effects, original music or Elvira just speaking to the audience.

Elvira-mania was at its zenith in May of this year when Channel 9 presented the Vincent Price melodrama, *The Mad Magician* in 3-D. Elvira's segments were also shot in 3-D by a local optical company.

Through special arrangement with 7-11 stores in Southern California, you could buy two pairs of red and blue 3-D glasses for 99 cents. By the day of the broadcast over 2.4 million glasses had been sold. People stood in long lines waiting to purchase their cardboard spectacles. One man was reportedly robbed at gunpoint for his glasses. By the eight o'clock show time many stores were sold out. The glasses were just hard to find—a fact Peterson can attest to.

"I didn't get any glasses," she says. "So I had to go down to 7-11 and wait in line to buy them. While I was standing in line up comes a truck, out jumps a woman with a microphone who begins interviewing me as one of the people in line. When she realized I was Elvira she had an attack. As we approached the counter I bought 10 pairs of glasses and

didn't have enough money. The news-woman paid; it was embarrassing."

The 3-D movie proved to be a tremendous ratings success; it was also Elvira's best show. Viewers, in addition to the movie, saw the Mistress of the Dark in her doorway enshrouded in the three dimensional fog and cobwebs. When the Mad Magician turned to the audience and squirted them with water in the movie. Director Thomas cut back to Elvira being hosed down. "I knew 3-D was realistic," gulped Elvira. "But I'm drenched!" Breather and Pops dropped by to plague Elvira and even served as her back-up singers for a musical spot. The record "3-D TV" by Mark Pierson proved to be so popular that Rhino Records has released it as a 12-inch single.

Due to various cable hook-ups and satellite feeds, Elvira is already seen in Detroit, parts of Arizona and for some reason, Guam. Soon the rest of the country will be seeing her in a syndicated show. Peterson has recently appeared as herself on *The Tonight Show* and *Entertainment Tonight*.

"We're in the process of negotiating an Elvira movie" says Peterson, "and maybe another movie as myself."

A 3-D Elvira poster should be in the stores by now, along with T-shirts, buttons and perhaps a make-up kit for Halloween. If the rest of the country catches on to Elvira as fast as Southern California has, then FANGORIA readers can look forward to seeing quite a bit of Cassandra Peterson and her seductive creation.



A New Face of Fright

Arnold Gargiulo

By Steven Mallory

Editor's Note: While most of the makeup artists featured in FANGORIA have been makeup "names"—people like Smith, Baker and Burman—we found ourselves unable to resist the package of copy and photos that came into our offices from Steve Mallory. At 22, Arnold Gargiulo is just beginning his makeup career, but the photos that accompany this article predict a very big future for him.

Just remember—you saw it here first!

Fangoria: How long have you been doing makeup?

Gargiulo: Since I was 11. John Chambers was my big influence. *Escape From The Planet of the Apes* was the film that really affected me.

Fang: Why that one particularly?

Gargiulo: Because they died in it—you can laugh but I felt so sorry for them that I had to bring them back to life.

Fang: Did you know anything about makeup at that time?

Gargiulo: No, nothing. I read about *Escape* in *Famous Monsters of Filmland Magazine*—the pictures they ran of the makeups fascinated me. I had to learn how they were done. There was a costume company where I lived that sold theatrical makeup. I used to go in there and show them my *Famous Monsters* and ask the guy who owned the place how I could do this makeup. He would sell me derma wax, crepe hair, and spirit gum and I started fooling around with it.

Fang: You were 11 at this time?

Gargiulo: Right. By the time I was 13 I was getting really serious about it. I took out books from the library—I read everything and anything about makeup. By the time I was 15 I was doing really professional stuff. I wrote letters to a lot of professional makeup people. Dick Smith was the only one who really answered. I had sent pictures of my work, asking for advice. He called me up when he got the letter—he wanted to meet me. Every so often I would visit him at his house. He would show me around and tell me anything I wanted to know. That's how I really got seriously into it.

Fang: Dick Smith is known for being very generous with his time and knowledge.

Gargiulo: He really helped me a lot.

Fang: Were there any books that particularly helped you to learn makeup technique?



This excersize in total disgust is the product of a 30-minute makeup demonstration given by Gargiulo at a recent Creation Convention in Manhattan.

Gargiulo: Yes, there's a very good one by Vincent Kehoe called *The Technique of Film and Television Makeup* [Hastings House Publishers]. That book helped me the most. Richard Corson's *Stage Makeup* is a good book also [both books are available through Paramount Theatrical Supply Co., 575 8th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018].

Fang: How could an 11 or 12 year old afford such an expensive hobby?

Gargiulo: The only way I could really do it was to get makeup supplies for birthday and Christmas presents. A typical Christmas present would be an electric mixer and mixing bowls. I never wanted anything else.

Fang: You've done all kinds of make-

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY ARNOLD GARGIULO

ups, from cosmetic to horror. What do you enjoy doing most?

Gargiulo: Elaborate special monster-type makeup is more creative and fun for me. But it's just as artistic to do beauty makeup—to make a plain girl look pretty. Either way you're changing a person's face into something different. I got interested in beauty makeup when I was 17 or so. I was taught by Bert Roth—the director of makeup at ABC television in New York.

Fang: He gives a course?

Gargiulo: He does now, but he didn't then—he just taught me as a favor because he liked my work and saw how serious I was about makeup.

Fang: Bring us up to date. What have you been doing more recently?

Gargiulo: Professionally, I do beauty makeup for high fashion models through Cosmetic Art Company. I've done stage makeup for off Broadway plays (that pays well). This year I worked on *The Deadly Spawn*—a low budget horror film that's been getting a lot of publicity. John Dods and Tim Hildebrandt were also involved on *Spawn*.

Fang: How did you land that job?

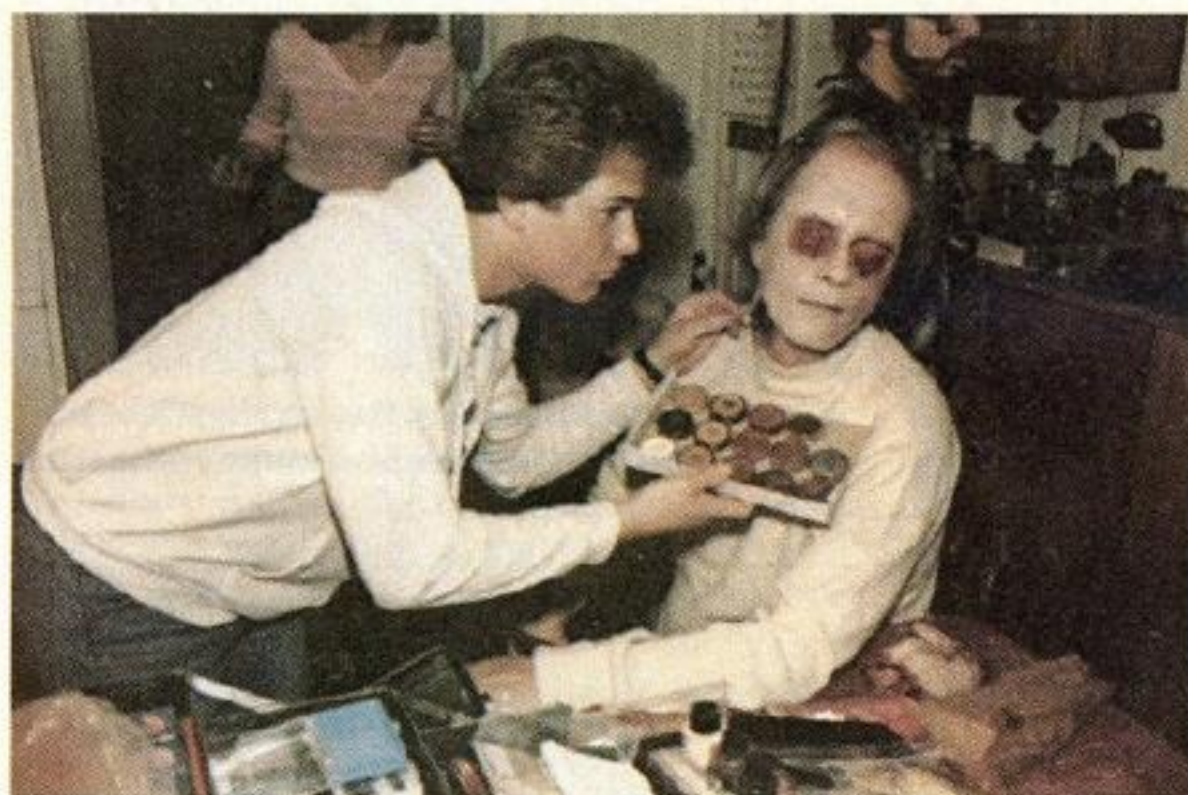
Gargiulo: Well, I get a lot of jobs by sending out letters, resumes, and pictures of my work to many different companies. I don't get that many responses but the people who do answer are really interested. Ted Bohus—the producer of *Spawn*—got one of my letters. He was interested in meeting with me. After I showed him my portfolio he wanted me to work on the film.

Fang: Are you happy with the way your work looks in the film?

Gargiulo: Yes, in fact it looks better on film than it did in real life!

Fang: When can we see *The Deadly Spawn*?

Gargiulo: Well, it's at the Cannes Film Festival right now being sold for foreign distribution. I think Ted Bohus is going to wait until Tim Hildebrandt



At top, one of many custom slip-on masks that Gargiulo created for sale to collectors, earlier in his career. Above, preparing John Schmerling for his eye-popping death scene in *The Deadly Spawn*.



Above, a head constructed to bleed from ears, nose and mouth. Left, the product of years of makeup experimentation.



completes the publicity poster before trying to sell it domestically.

Fang: Who are some of the figures in the world of movie makeup that you particularly admire?

Gargiulo: As I said, John Chambers' makeups inspired me the most. I love Rick Baker's work for its originality and innovativeness; Dick Smith because his stuff is so realistic.

Fang: Would you give us your list of the best makeups of all time?

Gargiulo: Chambers' apes, Smith's *Exorcist* work, Baker's gorilla in *Incredible Shrinking Woman*, Stan Winston's old-age makeup for Cicely Tyson in *Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, Smith's 125 year old man for Dustin Hoffman in *Little Big Man*, Smith's work

(Continued on Page 63)

WOR-TV INVASION

Up-to-the-minute warnings of what's coming your way!

ZACHERLE MEETS 3D!: On July 21 WOR-TV broadcast the first 3D movie to be aired on New York television. The movie, *Gorilla at Large* (1954), was as dull as could be, but the show was saved by the surprise appearance of John Zacherle as host. Learning of this job at the last minute (only six days before the program was aired), Zacherle turned in a hilarious performance in his grand ghoulish style that ranked with the best of his shows when he first started his career as horror host extraordinaire in the late 50's and early 60's. With the help of WOR's Assistant Director of Programming and Operations, Richard Minor, who appeared in a gorilla suit as Joe Young, Jr., Zacherle reworked old routines with his wife in the coffin and his electric-gizmo experiments, and added some outrageous new bits of business as well; at the end of the show, for example, after Zacherle has failed to create a mate for Joe Jr., the gorilla stuffs the host back into his coffin and then jumps into the coffin of the ghoul's wife and, as Zach put it, had "his way with my wife." Congratulations from the Fango staff to Zacherle on his triumphant return to horror-hosting. If you want to see more of him on TV then keep those issue #21 Draft Zacherle coupons coming.



PHOTO: COURTESY OF CAMERA COMMUNICATIONS

On his way from his limousine to the WOR studio, Zacherle meets resistance from a 3D gorilla.

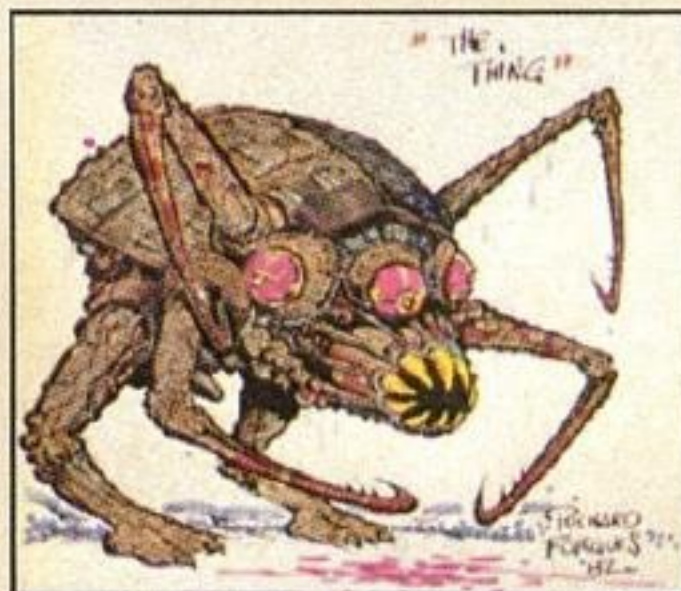
AIP RETURNS: Samuel Z. Arkoff, former president of American International Pictures (AIP), is ready to release the first feature made under the banner of his new production outfit, Arkoff International Pictures (AIP).

The new AIP's first release, to be distributed by UFD, is *The Winged Serpent*, from writer-director-producer Larry Cohen—of *It's Alive* and *God Told Me To* (a.k.a. *Demon*) fame. The film starts off conventionally enough, with a detective team (played by David Carradine and Richard Roundtree), investigating a series of bizarre and very brutal murders. Things take a turn for the fantastic, however, when an attractive young lady who is sunbathing atop a New York highrise is snatched off by a tremendous, scaly winged beast! Add a subplot concerning a gangster (Michael Moriarty) and his moll (Candy Clark), and you've got all the elements of a fantasy potboiler in the true Larry Cohen tradition. The special effects crew on this one included Dave Allen and Randy Cook who worked on *Caveman* and have now supplied the serpent's stop-motion animation, plus work by cel animator Peter Kuran, whose animation stand has added dazzle to *Star Wars*, *Dragonslayer* and countless others.

The Winged Serpent will start making the rounds this fall; Arkoff's second feature under the new banner should open this winter; it's another thriller entitled *Forest PrimEvil*, starring the gorgeous Rachel Ward who starred in *Sharkey's Machine*.



William Heapps



Richard Forgues



Andy Probert



Robert Bibler



Ben Tripp

Another round of finalists in the Draw The Thing Contest. Unfortunately, the incredible talent of our readers has been far too dazzling for quick judgements—winners to be announced next issue!

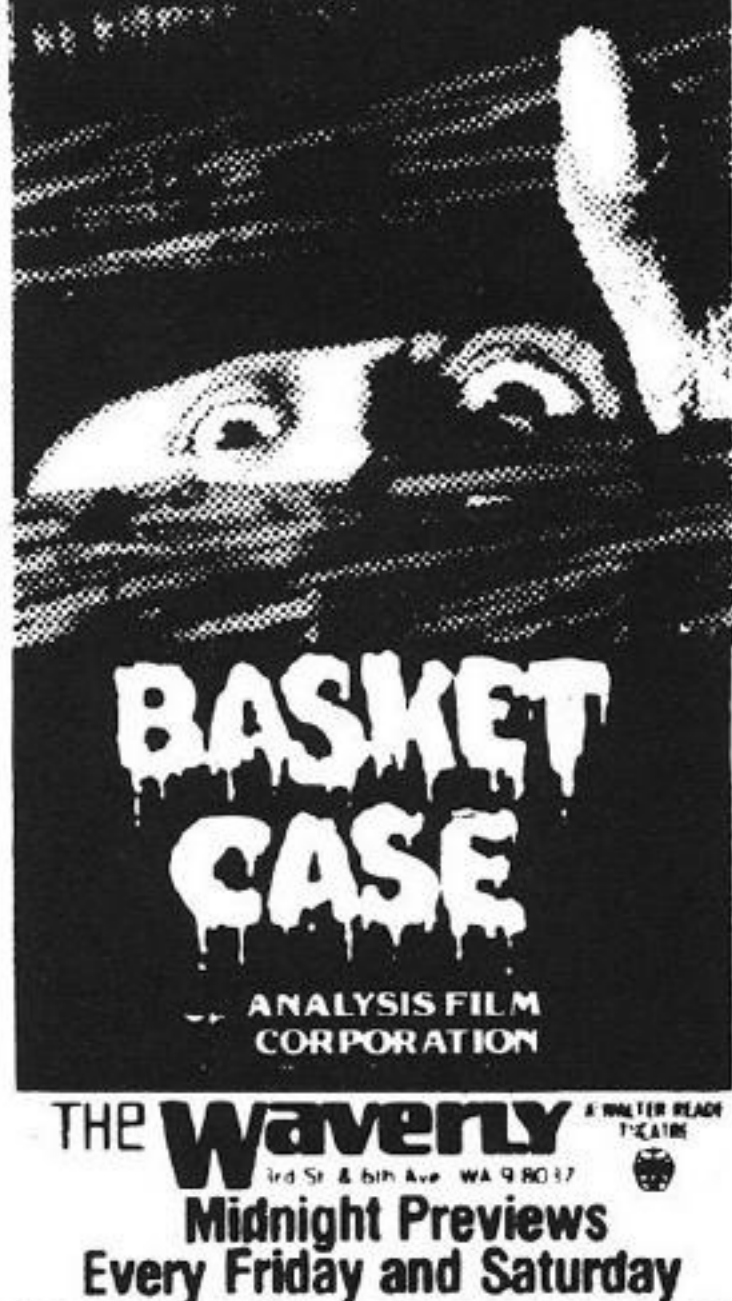
THE FANGO SCHOOL OF FILMMAKING will dominate the 80's! Two of our most respected contributors have reported major good news to us in the past few weeks; first, Mick Garris, who recently completed *Breaking Up* as a short film for cable television, told us that he's sealed a deal to expand the film to feature length for theatrical release. Now, prolific film book author Ed Naha has a script in development for New World Pictures! "It's a summer camp comedy," says Naha, "but there's gonna be some real *strange* stuff in it—kinda like *Meatballs* on mescaline." Don't ask us why these two Fangorians in good standing aren't doing horror films, though—we suggest that you write your congressman!

BASKET CASE UNCENSORED:

Analysis Releasing has made the director's cut of *Basket Case* available to theaters! Since prints of the trimmed version were already made, both versions are being offered to theater bookers; New York and L.A. theaters have the full version, while (as we write) San Francisco is showing the "good taste" version. To tell which one's playing in your town, check out the first scene, which includes an excruciatingly graphic makeup effects sequence, not in the shortened film. We're told that since New York's Waverly theater switched to the uncensored film, attendance has risen dramatically. Meanwhile, director Frank Henenlotter is said to be making concrete plans for his next, equally weird, movie...

**BY POPULAR
DEMAND!
THE UNCUT
VERSION.**

**"THE SICKEST MOVIE
I'VE EVER SEEN."** — REX REED



Here it is! The incredible, impolite creature known as the Incubus, from the picture of the same name, currently terrorizing campus coeds across the country. Next issue, we'll have a bit more detail on how this despicable critter came to be.

NIGHTMARE: At last, the final word on the effects in *Nightmare*, last summer's terror epic that falsely boasted effects directed by Tom Savini. While brief sequences in that film were shot in the New York area (with some consultation by Savini), Cleve Hall of Jacksonville, Florida tells the following tale of the on-set effects for the Florida-made film:

"I was contacted to do the effects for the film *Nightmare* in December of 1980; at the time the film was being called *Dark Games*. They had already begun production and had three weeks' shooting schedule, so I found myself with no pre-production time, a small budget, and six people to mutilate.

"My first step was to enlist the aid of my friend and partner, Steve Sleaf; while he did makeup and applied prosthetics, I was casting limbs and designing new ways to chop, hack, slice and blast people to pieces.

"With an average of three hours of sleep each night, Steve and I pulled it together, killing three people on our last night of shooting, but because production was somewhat behind schedule, one scene was scrapped to be done later in New York, the flashback with two gory deaths.

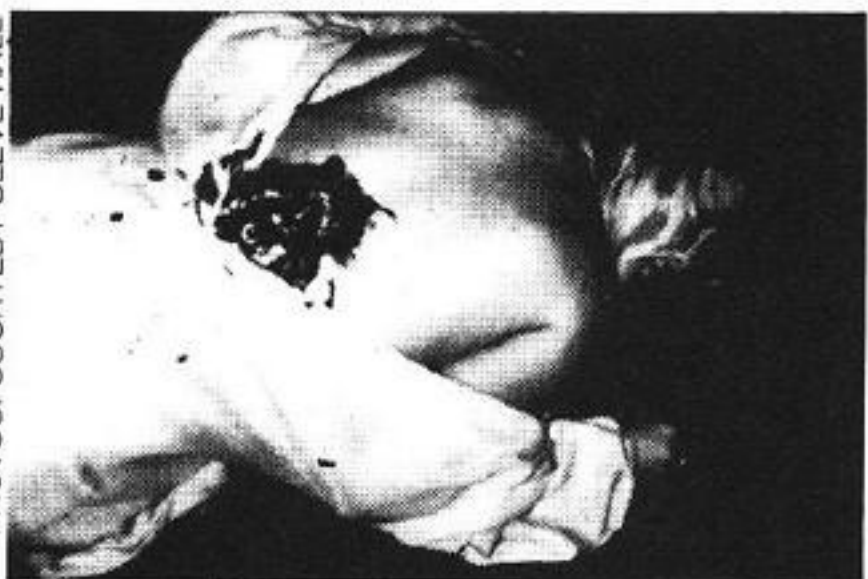
"Steve and I were contacted four months later to complete it, but both of us had prior commitments. The film subsequently changed names and producers, and suddenly Steve and I had no screen credit. I'm not surprised at the Savini references—that's the kind of production it was.

"I still hope to see the film, because Steve and I worked fairly hard, and did some fairly grisly effects."

So now you know.



Steve Sleaf's puts on some finishing touches to Cleve Hall's shot-gun wound appliance.



A pick-axe victim from *Nightmare*.

PHOTOS: COURTESY CLEVE HALL

TEEFR: It was way back in issue #5 that we first announced this project under development by Ed Summer, associate producer of *Conan*. Well, since the Cimmerian reached the theaters earlier this year, Summer has been able to give *Teefer* his undivided attention; and, at World Con last month, Gary Kurtz, producer of *Star Wars* and *Dark Crystal*, announced *Teefer* as his next live-action feature. Story details remain under wraps, but, as we've previously reported, the live-action, fantasy-suspense tale will concern three children who are caught up in an ancient curse. Preproduction is already under way, with some storyboarding already completed by Mike Ploog and others. Though it's early to say (cast and shooting schedule are yet to be determined), the target release date is Christmas '84.

Summer, at the same time, will be actively involved in the *Conan* sequel. Plans for that film are somewhat nebular (that is, somewhat like a gaseous cloud), but it will definitely happen, Summer tells us, possibly for a May 1984 release.

PUNK TERROR emerges in *Class of 1984*, to be released this fall. The film sounds like a futuristic, splatter version of that definitive "rough school" picture, *Blackboard Jungle*. Instead of mild-mannered Glenn Ford coming to a '50's, New York ghetto school to find himself confronted by Sidney Poitier, Vic Morrow and other angry young kids, Perry King enters Abraham Lincoln High School to try to teach music and instead must fend off an incredibly sadistic, punk gang led by Timothy Van Patten. In addition to standard high-school intimidation, this gang resorts to firebombing cars, shredding biology specimens, and gang-rape, as well as stooping to self-mutilation to implicate a teacher in a beating. The violence then escalates to truly horrific proportions when King finally decides to draw the line and annihilate the vicious gang members with the aid of such handy high-school shop items as a blow torch and a buzz saw. The movie was directed by Mark Lester who apparently has decided to shift gears since making *Roller Boogie*.

The Films of Roger Corman
by Ed Naha
Arco Publishing
209 pages, \$14.95
Reviewed by Stanley Wiater

Long before there was David Cronenberg, long before there was even George Romero, the first recognized *auteur* in the horror/fantasy/science fiction genres was Roger Corman. Of course, there's no reason to ask "Roger who?" as if the man was either deceased, or worse, long forgotten. For even though Corman is no longer active as a director, his contributions to the movie industry (especially the kinds of films the readers of this magazine most often enjoy) have all but made him a living legend.

In *The Films of Roger Corman* (subtitled *Brilliance On A Budget*), author Ed Naha attempts to find out who is responsible for producing not only so many motion pictures, but for nurturing so many creative talents, both behind and in front of the camera. He does this by going right to the source: Roger Corman.

As Naha explains at the outset, "the book wrote itself." This is because the book's format is structured so that the reader goes through the book as if he was sitting next to Corman, while Corman himself explained why and how his films were made. Naha purposely keeps a very low profile in the first half of the book, so that the reader is caught up in the dozens of fascinating and often hilarious anecdotes which Corman tells. The second half of the book is devoted to individual analyses of every film Corman directed, plus appendices of films produced by Corman, and films released and/or produced through his New World Pictures. Here Naha's personality surfaces in humorous plot retellings of some of Corman's dumber movies.

Naha, whose name should be familiar to FANGORIA readers, is also the author of several other books of interest, including *Horrors: From Screen to Scream* and *The Science Fictionary*. The author has obviously been a life-long fan of Corman's films (beginning with *The Pit And The Pendulum*, when Naha was an impressionable lad of 11; "the movie scared the socks off me.") and he is far from an objective critic of his work. But straightforward reportage on Corman's work is certainly a worthy task, though it's admittedly difficult to get very long-winded and incisive about some of Corman's films, especially when the director himself can only summarize, "We shot this one in two days on a dare." This is just another facet of this remarkable filmmaker; the vast majority of the films of Roger Corman were shot under impossible shooting schedules and with nonexistent budgets (hence the book's subtitle).

There are stories related as well by Corman's "cinematic family": Vincent Price, Peter Fonda, Sam Arkoff, Richard Matheson, Alex Gordon, Gary Kurtz, and others. Although they shed more light on the phenomenon that is Roger Corman, they really only serve to whet our curiosity even further. The only major disappointment is the paucity of stills and poster reproductions. Relatively speaking, there's enough so that the book is fairly priced. However, when one compares Naha's book to *The Movie World of Roger Corman* (Chelsea House, 1979, 237, \$11.95), edited by J. Philip di Franco, Naha's book comes in a distant second in



The Nestling
by Charles L. Grant
Pocket Books
406 pages, \$3.50

Reviewed by Stanley Wiater

The Nestling is the most ambitious novel yet by one of the leading lights of horror literature, Charles L. Grant. Grant, a winner and eight-time nominee for the World Fantasy Award, is equally well known for his series of novels (*The Grave*, *Nightmare Seasons*) set in the "curious" township of Oxrun Station and for his annual *Shadows* anthologies of original stories, as well as his ongoing series of original/reprint anthologies for Playboy Paperbacks such as *Nightmares* and *Horrors*. In his dual capacities as author and editor, Grant is perhaps the most prolific talent in the field since the late August Derleth.

The most striking element of *The Nestling*, however, is its restrained approach to horror. It's obvious from the start that Grant is deliberately avoiding the familiar device of a rude and disgusting shock every other chapter. The basic plotline revolves around Windriver, a small town located beside the Wind River mountain range in Wyoming. Outside of an occasional fistfight, relations are peaceful between the white inhabitants of the town and the tribe of Shoshone Indians who also reside in the valley. The whole world seems to be passing Windriver and its inhabitants by; but the editor of the local newspaper knows that "something isn't quite right" in the town, and so sends for his cousin from New Jersey, Jason Clarke, to see if a more objective point of view couldn't learn what is slowly tearing away Windriver's tranquil veneer.

What Jason Clarke learns when investigating the recent series of cattle mutilations—and eventually loss of human life—has to do with a new twist on the legend of werewolves and animal transformations. Something to do with ancient tribal customs of the Shoshone, and the sale of properties surrounding Windriver which may lead to the destruction of everyone con-

cerned. But the reader shouldn't be misled that this is just another werewolf novel. Grant, who is as adept at creating new horrors as Stephen King or Peter Straub, focuses instead on the legends of American Indians to produce a new species of werebeast (as the book's title and cover of a giant bird of prey should adequately imply).

Unlike the vast majority of hack novels in this field, Grant's focus is turned away from the usual elaborate descriptions of death and disfigurement of cardboard characters. Concentrating instead on his main characters—the people of Windriver—Grant involves the reader in his characters' lives more than in the manner of their deaths. Literally dozens of major characters are presented to the reader—almost as if *The Nestling* was intended to be a mainstream novel, with no supernatural elements in it whatsoever. The woman who is behind the supernatural transformations has a husband and family. The newspaper editor, Galen, has been courting his co-worker, Esther Lynn, for decades. And the novel's protagonist, Jason Clarke, falls in love with the town's veterinarian, Donna Oldfield. Instead of pushing the action along through a mounting body count of victims, Grant controls the reader's interest by constantly putting in danger someone we've learned to care about to further heighten our sense of unease.

It would be unfair to categorize *The Nestling* as a typical Grant novel, since with each one he tries to succeed at something new. Even with several novels and two short story collections behind him, Grant has yet to reach his peak, in either a personal sense, or in terms of achieving a "breakthrough" to the general public. *The Nestling*, with most of its horrors suggested through to its concluding chapters, may or may not be the book which finally pushes Grant into becoming "a brand name" among those readers who are familiar only with King and Straub. Grant has been around long enough to be uninterested in earning a quick buck merely by churning out cheap thrills to a semi-literate audience. He is serious about raising the standards of horror literature, while naturally wishing to be a commercial success as well. *The Nestling* is a right step, if not a giant leap, in that direction.

the illustration department. Needless to say, a large part of the reason the public buys movie books is to be treated with a wealth of graphics.

There's no denying that Ed Naha's *The Films of Roger Corman* is currently the best book out on the subject. But if you can place it on your shelf next to *The Movie World of Roger Corman*, you will then have the definitive record of the man who David Cronenberg believes "almost single-handedly established the popularity of the horror genre in America."

ALSO RECOMMENDED:

Reflections In A Madman's Mirror is the aptly titled collection of horror poetry self-published by John Patrick Feeney (4392 Bussey Road, Syracuse, N.Y. 13215). There's little enough decent poetry of any sort, let alone the kind which deals with horror, the supernatural, and assorted forms of insanity. Working in both rhymed and free verse, Feeney's collection of 48 poems is of widely varying quality. In other words, if more of the weaker verses had been deleted, the remaining good poems would have stood out even stronger. But there are poems which work up an effective chill upon the reader, indicating that while Feeney's collection (\$3.25 postpaid) may be unremittingly grim, it's for the most part entertaining.

Terrors is the latest in a series of half-reprint, half-new stories which Charles L. Grant has been doing for Playboy Paperbacks (Playboy Paperbacks, \$2.50) for the past few years. Included are works by both established writers (Robert Bloch, Dennis Etchison, Henry Slesar) and rising new stars (Alan Ryan, Steve Rasnic Tem) in the field. There's also a new story by somebody named King. The focus of the anthology is on what Grant terms "some fiction-based definitions of 'nasty,'" and the idea that, because the terror may not be over at the story's end, that this is the greatest terror of all. . . . *Terrors* is a typical Charles L. Grant anthology: intelligent, literate, and often scary as hell.

Stephen King fans should be aware that both *Danse Macabre* (Berkley Books, trade pb, \$6.95) and *Cujo* (Signet/NAL \$3.95) are out in paperback. It should be noted that in the hardcover *Danse Macabre*, King stated that any factual errors would be rectified in future editions, and readers were even invited to write in if they found any mistakes. From all reports, the trade paperback edition was *not* revised, for those planning to purchase this version. Perhaps when the mass market paperback is issued? Completists may be interested in obtaining the latest double issue of *Whispers* magazine (Whispers Press, 70 Highland Avenue, Binghamton, N.Y. 13905, \$5.00), edited and published by Stuart David Schiff. *Whispers* 17/18 is a special Stephen King issue, with new material by and about the best-selling author. Including, reportedly, his unpublished introduction to *The Shining*, as well as one or two new stories. *Whispers* is perhaps the literary horror magazine (excluding *The Twilight Zone* for the moment), and will be discussed further at a future point. *Whispers* 15/16, by the way, was a special Ramsey Campbell issue, featuring three stories by and an interview with that famous British author.

COMING IN COMICS scene



King Arthur returns—but it's the year 3000 and Earth is being invaded by aliens. That's the setting for DC Comics' *Camelot 3000*, a 12-issue series that we give exclusive coverage to the next issue of COMICS SCENE. Artist Brian Bolland and writer Mike Barr offer their observations on the future and on the knights of the round-table. Just wait until you see Bolland's art on the cover—it's our best yet!

Also in the next issue we continue our discussion with Klaus Janson, Tom Palmer, Joe Rubinstein and Bob Layton about what inkers do and what it means to them. This second part details how they adapt their styles to different artists and just how the process works.

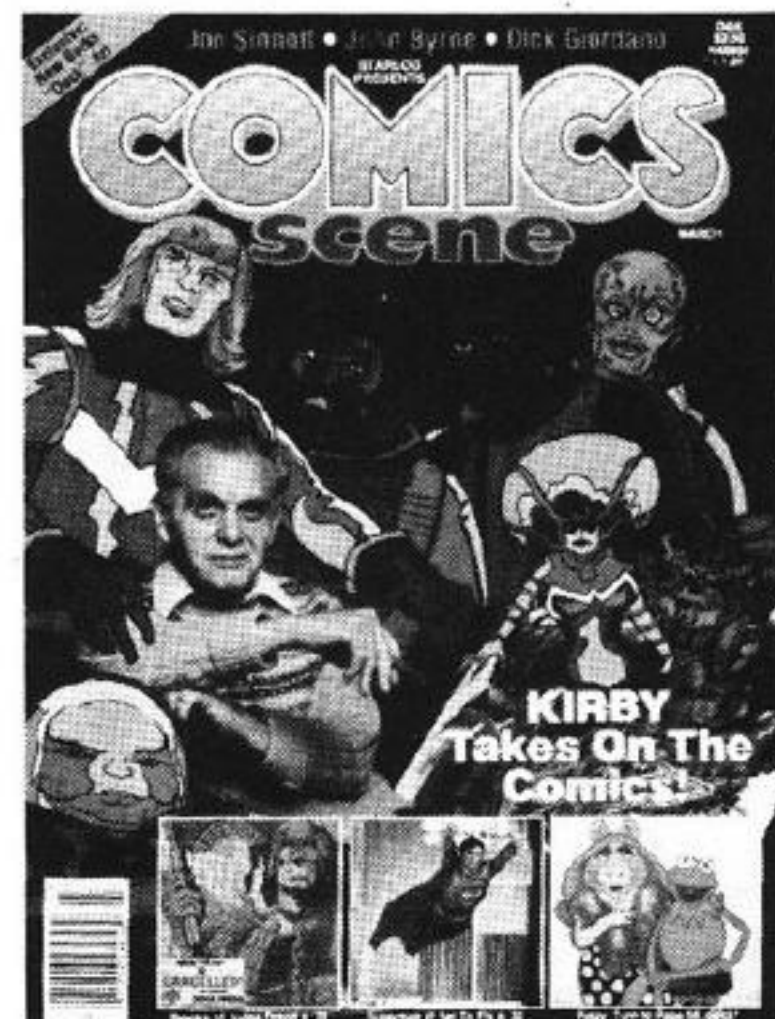
Ron Goulart returns to COMICS SCENE with a fascinating look at *Captain Easy*, one of the more durable, but least known, comic strips today. And Max Allan Collins talks about scripting the adventures of *Dick Tracy* and what it felt like taking over the strip from Chester Gould four years ago. Collins also talks about his work on Eclipse's *Ms. Tree*.

At long last *Crusader Rabbit* appears on our pages. We detail his origin and how the show made it onto the air and where it's been all this time. Rare color art will also be seen. You can't miss this one.

PLUS: Fred Hembeck tickles your funny-bone in color, Martin Pasko responds to John Byrne's theories on Creators' Rights (and wrongs), Howard Cruse begins a series on the infamous Air Pirate vs. Walt Disney case, and we'll also preview the new Saturday morning television season. News, letters, editorials and more will be found when this issue goes—

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Feartek

(Continued from Page 16)

ity, whose former beauty has blinded herself to the fact that half of her face has been torn into scarlet shreds. My own favorite combines the two approaches—the Troll King, an obvious fantasy figure, who is in the middle of a frog meal; red amphibian blood runs down his beard and the length of his body, while he holds the gory frog-remains (for an extra sum, Feartrek will animate the frog's legs to twitch convulsively). The sculpture is further adorned by a skull scepter (crowned by a tarantula and a snake slithering into its eye-socket), as well as a horde of insects infesting its majestic coat of bedraggled fur.

Goodman's own preferences include a delight in the challenge of providing a

realistic shock; and it's probably his dramatic background that makes him especially favor those displays that have a strong dramatic context. Take, for instance, *Cinderella Suicide*.

On entering a dark room, the patron sees no more than a chair with a single shoe on it, illuminated by a single spotlight. Then the voices begin; the voices of shocked town gossip about a sweet young local girl, and her scandalous involvement with a cruel seducer. Only after the context of her demise is fully portrayed does the strobe-light come to life, and reveals the corpse of Cindy slowly twisting above the chair.

This exercise in psychodrama is one example of the direction in which Goodman would like to take the amusement trade in the future. "I don't think the market will be ready for some of my better ideas for another five years or so, because it takes them out of the

realm of childhood amusement and into the realm of very daring education—if not outright offense." Goodman chooses not to be specific about these plans; after all, ideas are his stock in trade. "But, for instance," he says, "the technology is such that we could use a laser to project splatters of blood onto the patrons, and it would be perfectly safe. I'd like to find a client who would allow me to do that."

Though the trend toward realism might be new to the amusement trade, its roots go back to turn-of-the-century grand guignol theater, with the current crop of graphic horror films movies another major influence. For Goodman, the public's constant search for a good scare has offered a challenge. And it's not just the challenge of competing with today's film realism; it is also the opportunity to bring the art of the dark ride into the 20th Century. ☞



Cinderella Suicide was created for Hitchcock Manor, an amusement facility erected on a New Jersey pier. Unfortunately, Cindy was incinerated when the pier burned down. The Psychotic, below, lives on at Nellie Bly Amusement Park in Brooklyn.



The Wall

(Continued from Page 41)

visual set-ups to do that, either. That gave me quite a few headaches, actually.

"I didn't set off to use a non-professional actor in the lead, either. I had actually auditioned a lot of young actors in both America and England. I wasn't all that happy, so I started looking within the ranks of the music world. I met Geldof, knew his work with the Boomtown Rats and liked him.

"He seemed perfect for the role and wasn't intimidated by it. He said not to worry, he was a natural actor. He was right about that.

"To be truthful, I was happily surprised that everything went so smoothly. *Shoot the Moon* came together quite easily. That allowed me to work on the preparation of *The Wall* simultaneously. When I was filming in California, my British crew was preparing *The Wall*'s difficult sets and such. My appetite for a challenge was quite sharp at that time. Just the opposite of what it is now!"

The only possible stumbling block that Parker feared in his *Wall* building activities was the integration of his live action with Scarfe's animation sequences. "That turned out to be no problem," he says. "A lot of the animation we used was from the stage show. That, of course, made things a lot easier for us. And we knew what the remaining footage was going to look like. My biggest problem was in remembering that it takes a very long time for animation to be done. I'd be breezing through the live action stuff and wondering where the hell the animation was. Animation is so painstaking. It takes forever."

Since *Pink Floyd's The Wall* is such an uncompromising film and since its

imagery is so brutal and pessimistic, why would Parker bother producing something that is bound to enrage as many people as it pleases?

"It fit in with my personal philosophy," he explains. "I always try to do different things. That's the tonic really. When you do different sorts of movies, it's almost as if you're using different parts of your brain.

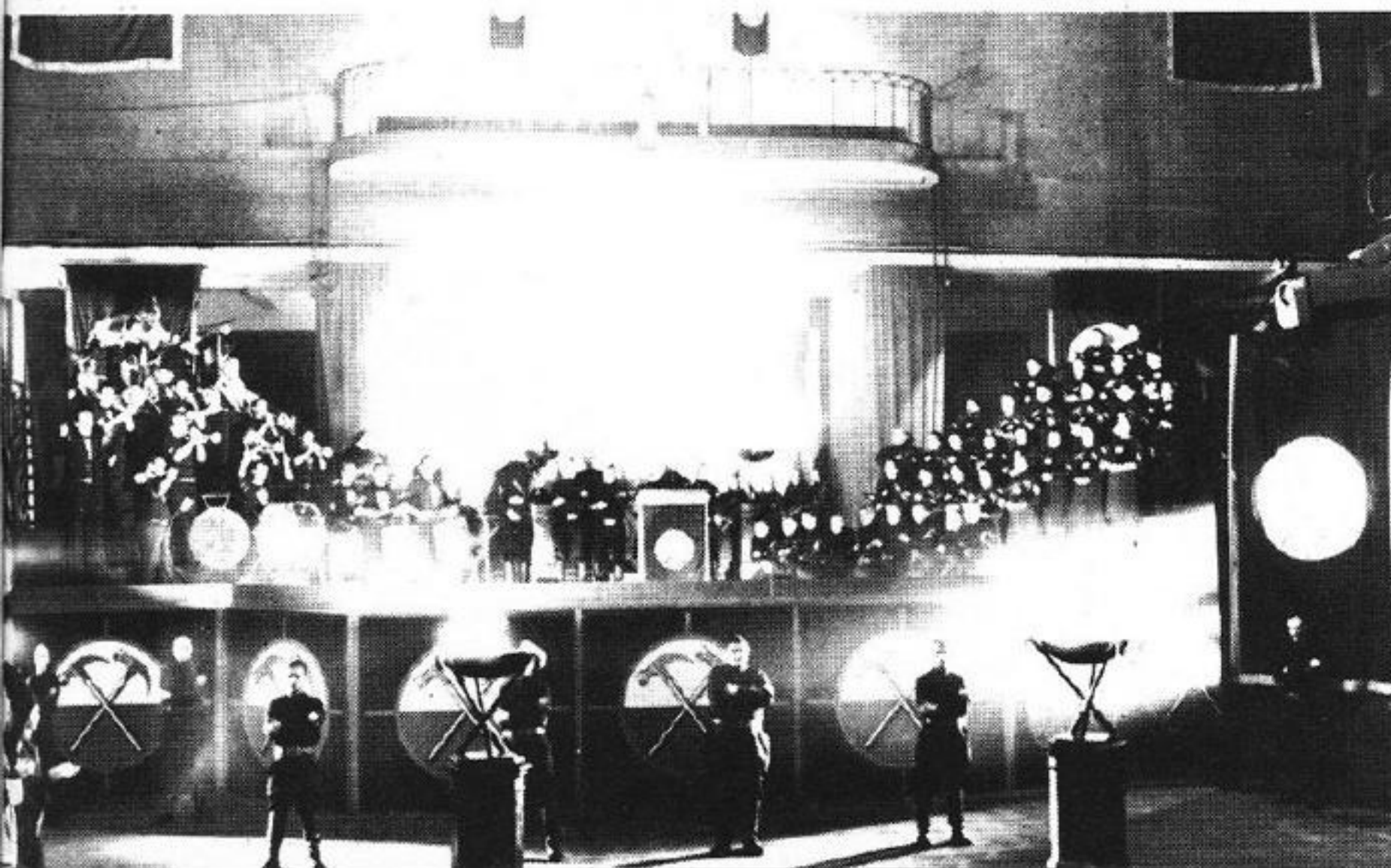
"Doing that, however, isn't as easy as it sounds. I always moan about how painful making a movie is. If there isn't pain, though, I invent the pain because that's what motivates you to do better. Anger motivates me very much. Pink is an angry individual. I suppose that's why I gravitate towards characters like him and George in *Shoot the Moon*. There's a great deal of anger and rage within me. It's been there from a long way back. I try to generate it, draw from it, when I make a movie. It's exhausting."

With Parker's and Pink's rage now spent on celluloid, the director feels content, critical barbs notwithstanding. "I'm proud of what I've done and no one has ever been able to say anything that's ever diverted me from what I've wanted to do. If I can provoke discussion after a film, then I've done my job. And, boy, right now, are there a lot of people mad at me!"

The director lapses into a satisfied smile. "After this film, I'd like to take a very, very long rest. I've done two films in one year and they've both had a lot of anger in them. *Shoot the Moon* had an angry protagonist. Pink is mad in every sense of the word. I feel like I've been in a room for the past year, just screaming continuously. That's no easy feat. I'd like to relax now."

As for future cinematic plans, the mild-mannered master of screen rage grins enigmatically. "My next movie, whatever it may be, will be very different. That much I can promise you."

Much of the public's acceptance of *The Wall* will hinge on how it views the movie's Fourth Reich imagery.



Gargiulo

(Continued from Page 57)

in *Altered States*—even though most of it was cut out of the movie. I like the *It's Alive* mutant baby by Baker. When I was younger I loved Ellis Burman's creatures in TV's *Gargoyles*. When I was really young the only monster that ever scared me was the original Jack Pierce Frankenstein monster; that made a big impression on me.

Fang: Your work—like that of many makeup artists today—is getting into an area formerly thought to be the province of the special effects artist—the mechanics of recent werewolf transformation films would have formerly been thought to be outside the realm of the makeup artist. You're experimenting along these lines yourself. Do you enjoy doing this or do you feel it's being forced on you by the competition?

Gargiulo: I like doing it. The makeup business is a progressive art. When *Planet of the Apes* came out that was great for its time; now we take it for granted. The mechanical heads of today are just another level of advancement of the art.

Fang: I guess when makeup artists went on to materials more sophisticated than nose putty and got into foam rubber it started a process that brought us to the facial control mechanics of today.

Gargiulo: Right. As Rick Baker says, makeup men started with grease paint, then advanced to nose putty, then to foam rubber, and now to the materials of today. It's still the same job. We're making people look different. Now we do it in a more sophisticated way.

Fang: Are you a union member?

Gargiulo: No.

Fang: Do you want to be?

Gargiulo: Well, I don't really want to get into it yet. I mean, it's great because if you're in the union you get the best jobs. But if you're in the union they tell you what to work on and what you can't work on. To join a union you have to go through an apprenticeship program for one and a half or three years working under a union member. I feel freer not being in a union because I can do what I want to do.

Fang: As a union apprentice you would be a lowly assistant whereas as a non union member you can be chief makeup technician on *The Deadly Spawn*.

Gargiulo: That's right. Union membership prevents you from doing non union pictures like *Spawn*.

Fang: Where are you headed? What do you want to do long-range?

Gargiulo: I've been doing makeup since I was 11 years old. Now I'm starting to make a name for myself. I love working behind the scenes of movies. I'd like to work on bigger films. I love makeup; I want to keep on doing it.

FREE SUBSCRIBER ADS

WANTED: Females, 18-25, who wish to be eaten alive. Write to Big Bad Wolf, 2074 Evandale Dr., Decatur, IL 62526.

Welcome back, Corey, Patrick and Mrs. C. How was Canada? Sincerely, Marty.

MEL GIBSON IS #1!

WANTED: Any Paraphenalia of *Escape From N.Y.* and *The Thing*. G. Kosmark, P.O. Box 365, St. Jo, TX 76265.

WANTED: Stills, pics, articles on John Carpenter's *The Thing*. Gary Howard, PO Box 521, Pleasantville, NJ 08232.

Happy Birthday, Richard.

My brother Mike is a whimp!!!!

—Kip-Kip

WANTED: Early issues of Fang. Write to Denny Welsh, Rte 1, Box 201, Midd., OH 45760

Long live Fangoria, Bottin and Burman and gore movies.

Tim loves Denise.

Hi Mom and Dad, Dean, Dawn; Tiger Loves You All.

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The film *Serpent* will win 1st in any contest.

—D. Sperling

All Tom Savini fans write to Tim (Marvin the Axe-Man) Cusack Foster Court, Croton, NY 10520.

WANTED: *Rocky Horror* on VHS tape—write Jerry, 51 Beaumont Dr., Plainview, NY 11803

To those who wrote and to those I am writing. Thank you. Time and money does not permit me to answer all of you. I appreciate your interest. Really. Sincerely, Tonya Jarrel.

Want to correspond with someone who likes making Bmm horror and gore films. Tim Hartzler, R.R. #3, Box 95, Rochester, Indiana 46975.

Long live Bottin, Baker and Savini! More Gore galore! James Knight, PO Box 182, Oak Grove, KY 42262.

Long live Romero, King, Spielberg, and, of course, Fangoria.

Shot in the head, he reached for his gun, but bled to death.

WANTED: Someone experienced to help assassinate Bob Martin! Top Pay! Fringe Benefits! Contact C.I.A., U.S.A.

I love your magazine, and so does my Mom.

—Mike

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Tom Savini and *Friday the 13th* are the best!

Pen pal interested in monster mania! Gary Patry, 46 Randall Place, Springfield, MA 01108.

I think that *The Howling*, *Scanners* and *Fangoria* are the best!

WANTED: Correspondence with anyone Illinois—NW suburbs interested in doing amateur horror movies. J. Gonzalez, 1382 Port o' Call, Palatine, IL 60067

Stephen King, James Herbert, David Cronenberg and John Carpenter are the best!—J.E.

GORE: *Creepshow*, *Parasite*, *The Thing*, *Blade Runner*, *Road Warrior*: Best Horror Films Ever Made! —J.P. Waulters

WANTED: All who like to read FANGORIA and draw weird creatures write to: Timothy Dean Taynor, 136 East Woodrow Ave., Columbus, OH 43207.

There is still time, my children.

—Satan

WANTED: Pen pals into horror and sci-fi movies. Write James Otis, 212 Waterman Ave., No. Providence, R.I. 02911.

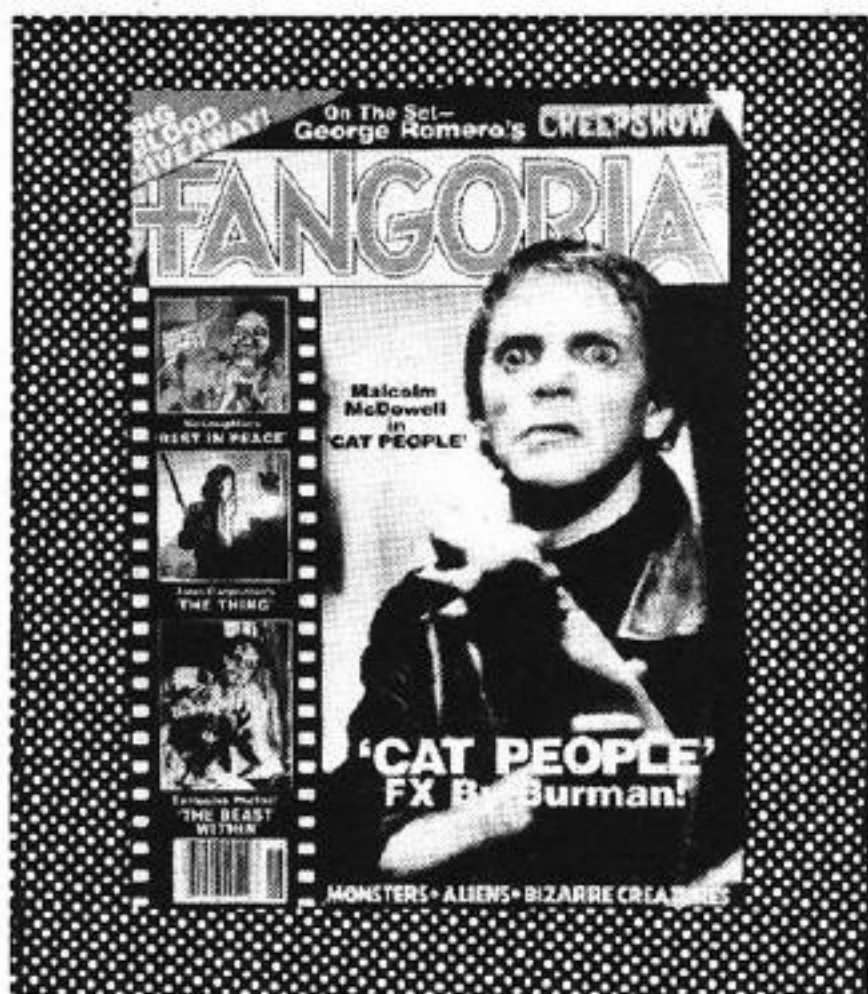
Jeff Smith's birthday was on July 8. Send present!

American Werewolf is a killer. Rick Baker is the best. Hi, Scott!

—Jim

WANTED: Any material on *The Towering Inferno*. John Schagetter, 128 Leisure Ct., Sidney, OH 45365.

WE SUPPOSE YOU THOUGHT WE WERE KIDDING!



We've been telling you for quite a while that supplies were limited on FANGORIA's titanic back issues—and now it's too late! If you want issues 9 or 10 of the World's Greatest Horror Film Magazine, you'll now have to haunt flea markets, garbage dumps and high-priced specialty shops in the hope of finding a copy that some former Fangorian foolishly disposed of! Which issue will sell out next? We don't know—you'll have to get them all!

#1 - Tom Savini and *Dawn of the Dead*; Christopher Lee; *Godzilla's* screen history; B-Movie Mogul Alex Gordon; *Galactica's* missing aliens; Lots More!

#2 - Don Coscarelli and *Phantasm*; *Prophecy's* Mutant Bear; Richard Matheson, Pt. 1; *Dr. Who* article and poster; *Pal's War of the Worlds*; Much More!

#3 - Cronenberg's *The Brood*; Stephen King on *The Shining* film; Kolchak the *Night Stalker* articles & episodes; Matheson, Pt. 2; Jack Arnold; Roald Dahl; *Alien* Poster; Tons More!

#4 - Behind the Scenes of TV's *Salem's Lot*; Film Femme Caroline Munro; Japanese *Warrior Robots* & poster; Gore-master H.G. Lewis; *Star Trek Aliens*; *Black-Hole Robots*; Even More!

#5 - Carpenter's *The Fog*; John Barry and *Saturn 3*; Bert I. Gordon's *The Coming*; Andy Probert's *Galactica Cylons*; *Son of Kong*; *Them*; Still More!

#6 - Sean Cunningham and *Friday the 13th*; Shock FX of Bottin and Savini; Peter Medak's *The Changeling*; King-Romero Team-Up!; Vincent Price on Corman, Pt. 1; Incredibly More!

#7 - Caroline Munro & Tom Savini—*Maniac*; Chris Walas and *Galaxina*; *The Shining* Preview; Price, Pt. 2; Disney's *Watcher in the Woods*; Hitchcock, Pt. 1; Animator Chuck Jones; A Great Deal More!

#8 - John Carpenter Interviewed; Italian Shocker *Zombie*; Jim Danforth & Dave Allen; Gary Kurtz on *Empire*; Scatman Crothers on *The Shining*; Paul Blaisdell, Pt. 1; George Pal Tribute; Good Grief, More!

#11 - Rob Bottin and *The Howling's* FX; John Boorman on *Excalibur*; Tobe Hooper's *The Funhouse*; Charles Griffith; Jimmy Sangster; *Omen 3—The Final Conflict*; *Bloody Valentine*; *Fear No Evil*; Tribute to Terence Fisher; Oy! More!

#12 - Romero's *Knight Riders*; Tobe Hooper interview; Gordon on *Karloff*; *Friday the 13th II*; Corman Interview; *Clash of Titans*; *Inseminoid*; Ron Goulart; William Castle; Elisabeth Brooks; Hammer on TV; Mother of Mercy, More!

#13 - The Romero Interview; Hal Barwood and *Dragon-slayer*; On the Set—*The Beast Within*; Corman on *Planet of Horrors*; Michael Wadleigh's *The Wolfen*; John Landis on *An American Werewolf*; Fantasy Femme P.J. Soles; Crom! More!

#14 - Rick Baker and *An American Werewolf in London*; Shock FX Special interviews with Savini, Tom Burman, Stan Winston, Chris Walas and Ray Harryhausen; Jenny Agutter on her career; Carpenter on *Halloween II*; Horror comics; And Yes, More!

#15 - *Halloween II* interviews with Debra Hill, Rick Rosenthal and Jamie Lee Curtis; Burman Part II; Harryhausen Part II; Richard O'Brien on *Shock Treatment*; at last, Hitchcock Part II; the TV Years; and on the set of *Swamp Thing*; believe it or not MORE!

#16 - The Men behind *Ghost Story*: novelist Peter Straub, screenwriter Lawrence D. Cohen, and makeup effects genius Dick Smith; Chris Tucker on his work for *The Elephant Man* and *Quest For Fire*; inside Rick Baker's EFX Studios; chatting with Adrienne Barbeau; Harryhausen conclusion; Frank Henenlotter's *Basket Case*; Caramba! More!

#17 - The Grisly Independents—*Pranks*, *The Deadly Spawn*, and *Bloody Pulp*; Wes Craven on *Last House on the Left*, *The Hills Have Eyes* and *Swamp Thing*; *Cat People* screenwriter Alan Ormsby on *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things* and *Deranged*; Rick Rosenthal on *Halloween II* and *Darkroom*; beautiful Fiona Lewis; Gorey H.G. Lewis; *Dark Shadows*; Dick Smith, part 2; Sam Fuller on *White Dog*; Nyong-nyong-nyong—more!

#18 - Tom Burman on the FX of *Cat People* and *The Beast Within*; beginning our on-set journals of Carpenter's *The Thing* and the King-Romero *Creepshow*; unveiling *Beastmaster*, from the team behind *Phantasm*; Home-Video Violence; young makeup artist Kevin Haney; Mike Ploog, production artist on *The Thing* and *Caveman*; psychic vampires in *Rest in Peace*; lots of April Foolishness; Gollygoshwow, more!

#19 - Part One of a panel discussion of "Fear on Film," with Cronenberg, Carpenter and Landis! 3-D terror arrives with Charles Band's *Parasite* and Earl Owensby's *Rottweiler*; Mad Max returns in *The Road Warrior*; FX man Greg Cannom and *The Sword and the Sorcerer*; the Great Dick Miller; Val Lewton's *Cat People* and *Curse of the Cat People*; and—surprise!—more!

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After months of tracking down the elusive E.T., STARLOG brings you exclusive interviews with Steven Spielberg and Carlo Rambaldi, who designed and built E.T. Ed Naha's special report is illustrated with exciting, full-color photos of your favorite scenes from this summer's biggest film hit.

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Leonard Nimoy chats with us about his role in *Star Trek II*: Spock does indeed live, and Kurt Russell talks about confronting *Thingness*.

★★★★★

We'll be previewing Don Coscarelli's *The Beastmaster*, starring Mark Singer and former *Angel* Tanya Roberts. And we're on the set of Roger Corman's *Android*, talking with Klaus Kinski and the production staff behind this interesting diversion for New World Pictures.

★★★★★

David Gerrold talks about *Trek II*, Bjo Trimble answers her mail. *Greatest American Hero* gears up for a new season and there's lots more. Join in on the fun when this issue goes

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THINGS to come

When next we meet, the summer, with its plethora of big-budget box office blockbusters, will at last be ended, and we can get back to our favorite kind of movie-making—those feisty little independent productions! With the theaters fully occupied by the major studio efforts over the past few months, there's a tremendous backlog of these independent features waiting in the wings, and our next issue will cover as many of these as is inhumanly possible!

The Winged Serpent, an action adventure from Larry (*It's Alive*) Cohen leads the pack, starring David Carradine as a workaday cop pitted against a mythical flying reptile, animated by the great Dave Allen! Then there's *Incubus*, the tale of a lust-driven demon pursued by workaday cop John Cassavetes! We'll also be going behind the scenes of *The Last Horror Film*, starring Caroline Munro, our tour guided by writer-director-producer David Winters!

We'll also be following up on our coverage of *Halloween III* with a call on Mr. Tom Burman, to discuss his scintillating makeup effects work for that film. And we have a theater date—are you ready for a musical version of *Little Shop of Horrors*?

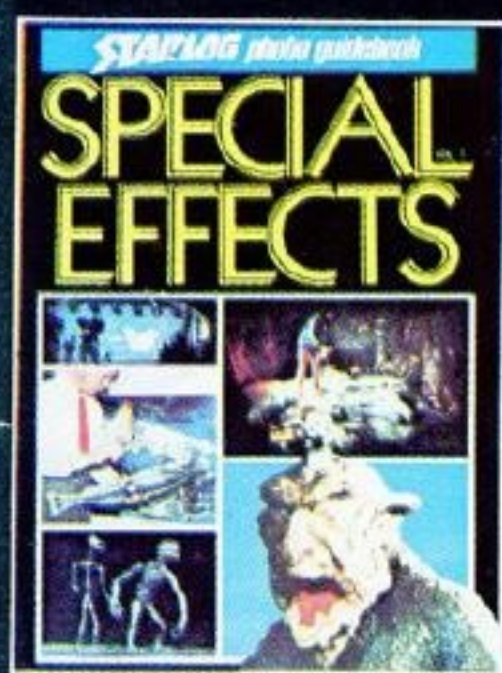
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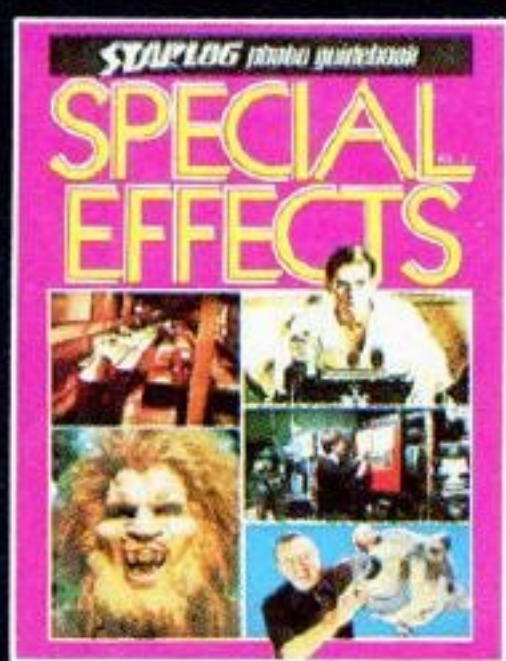
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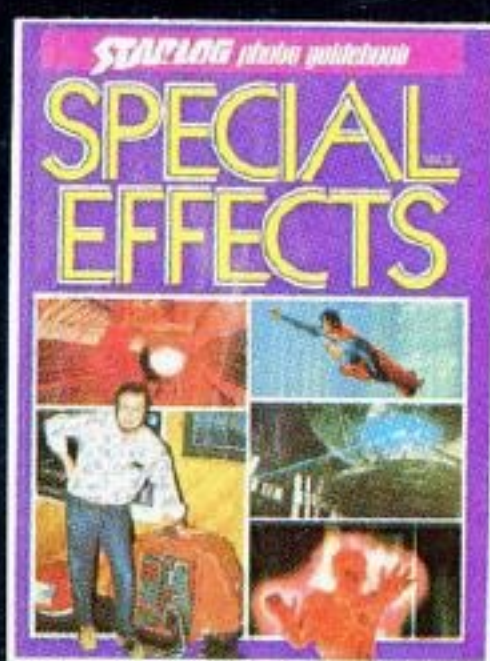
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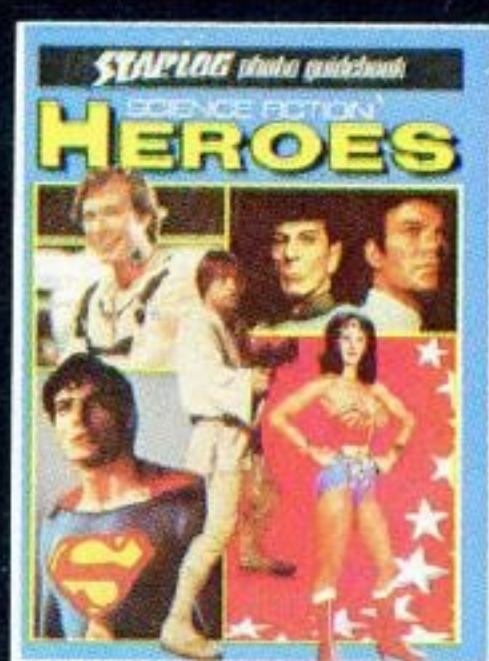
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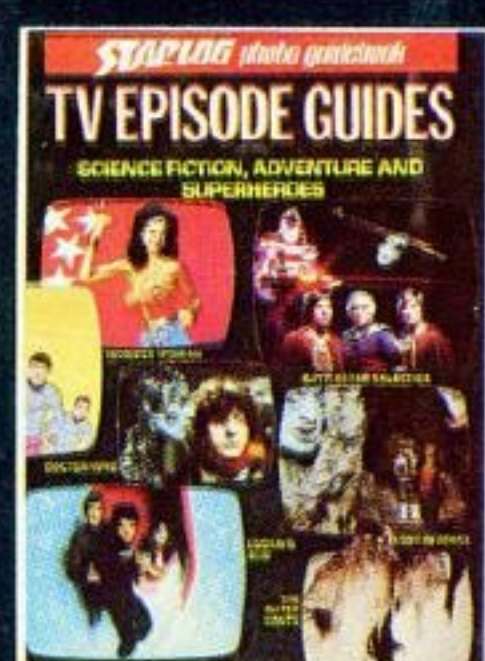
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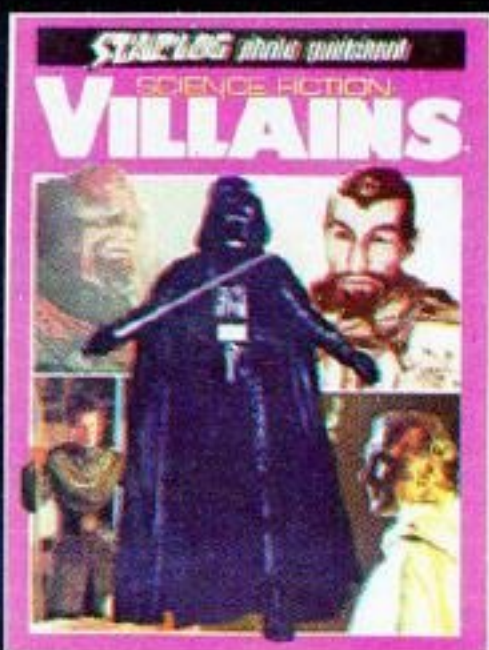
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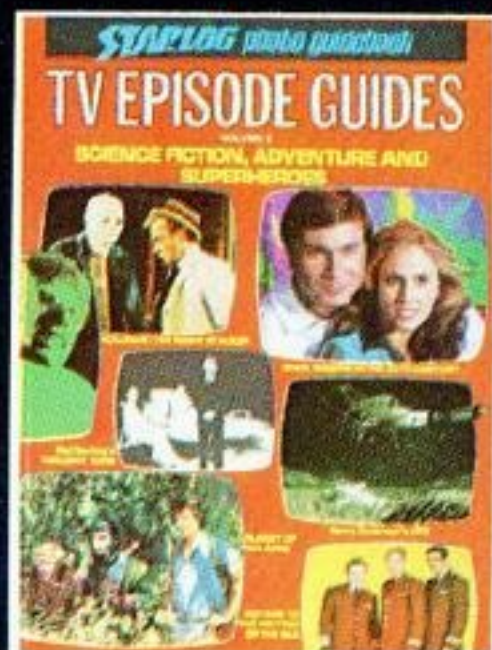
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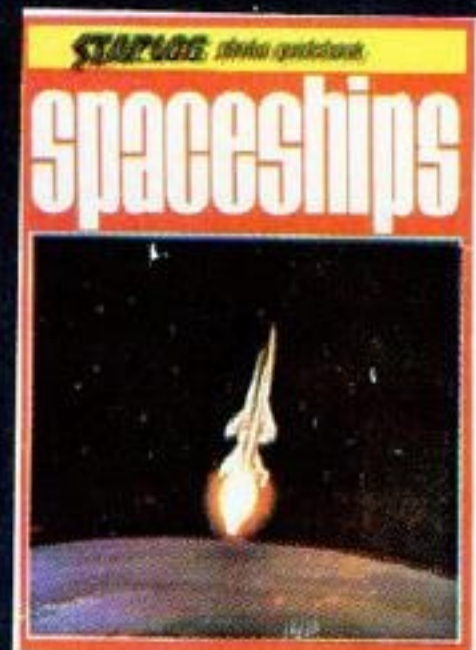
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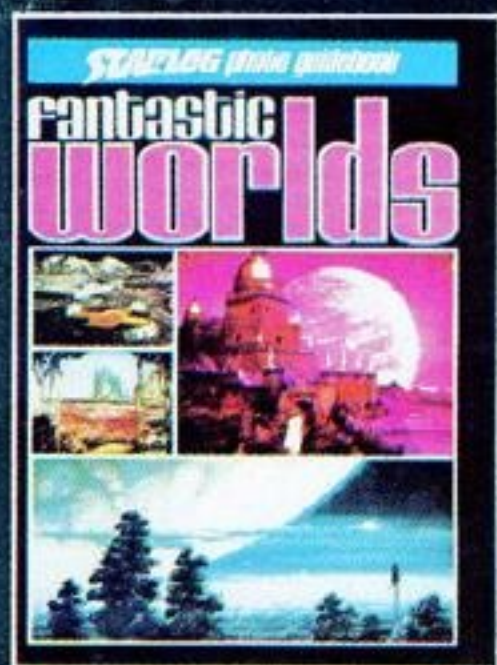
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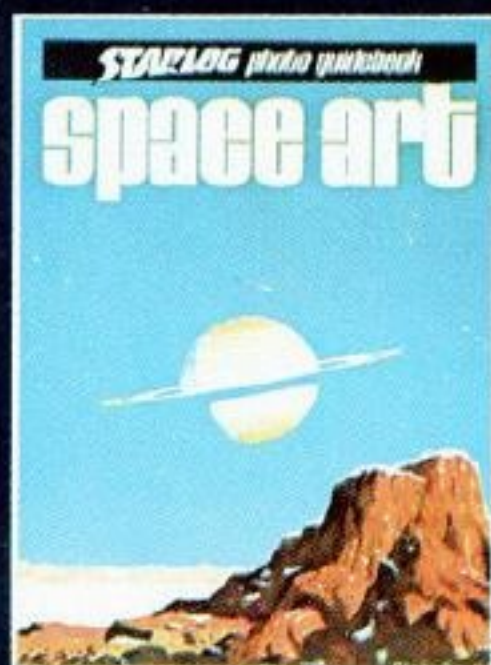
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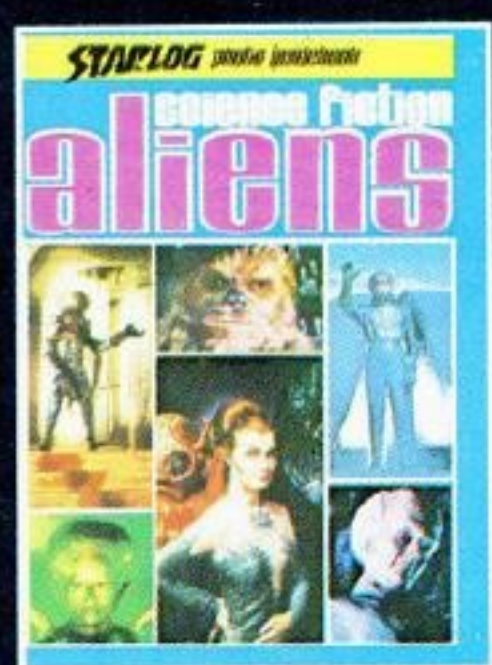
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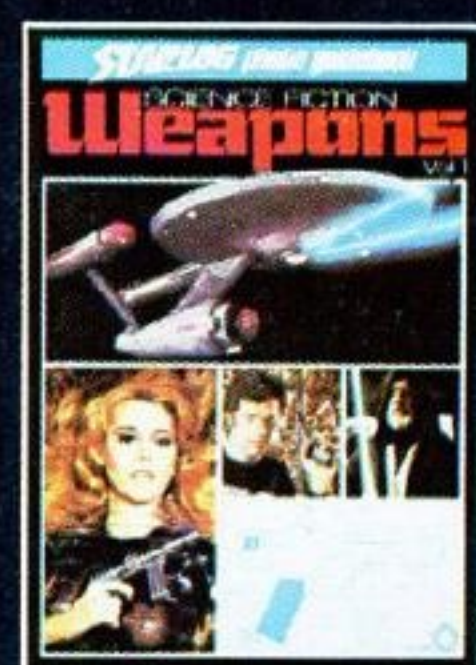
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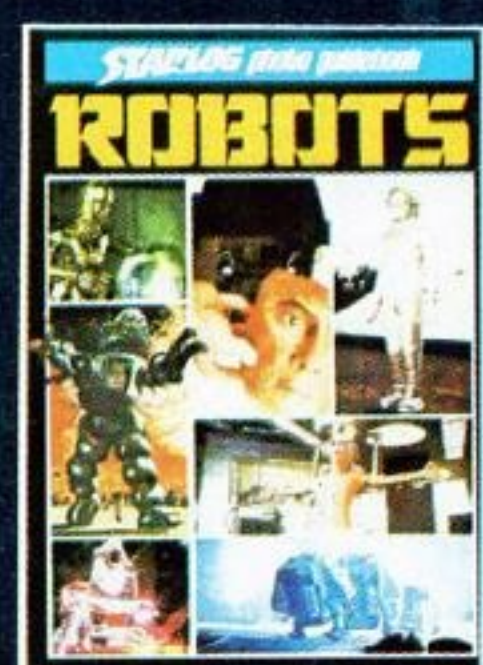
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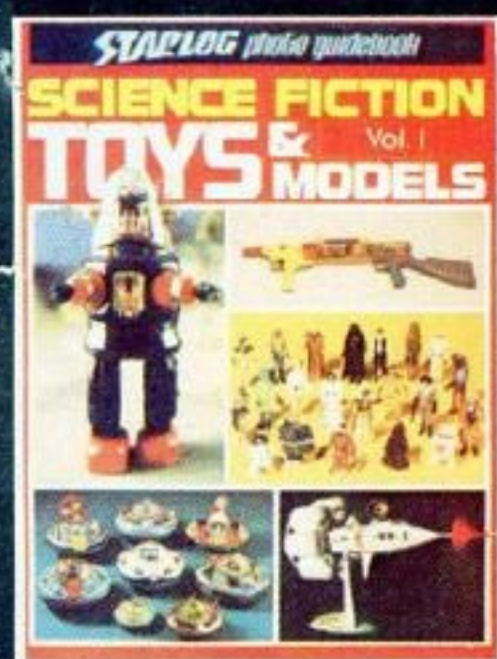
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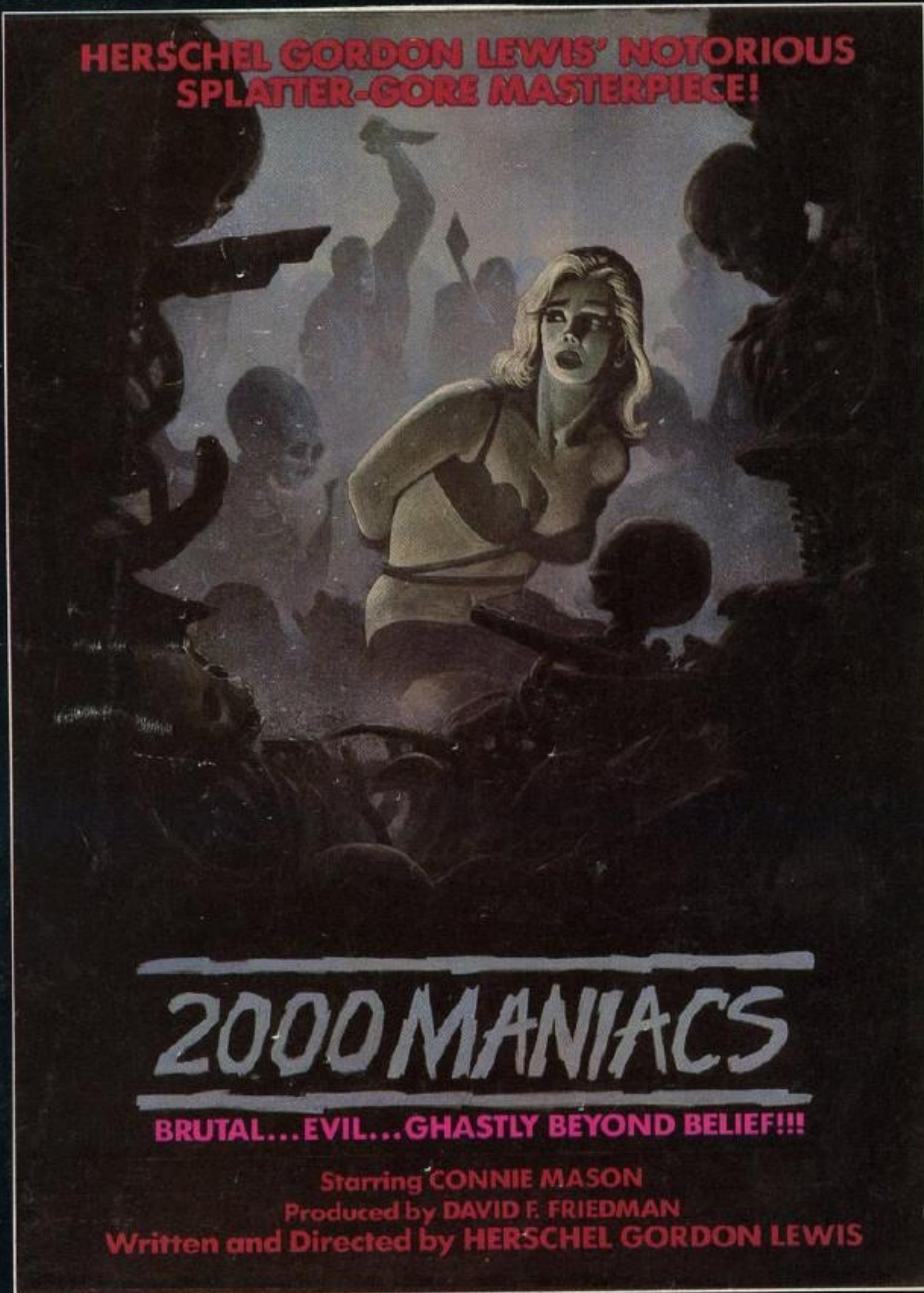
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